



JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXV. No. 929.

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1924.

TWO PENCE.

Mason's
'O.K.'
Sauce
"John Bull's"
Appetiser

THE
LARGEST
NET PAID
SALES
OF ANY
2d. WEEKLY
PERIODICAL
IN THE
WORLD

The HUMAN RABBIT by Professor Low D.Sc.

Do you 'enjoy' half-health?

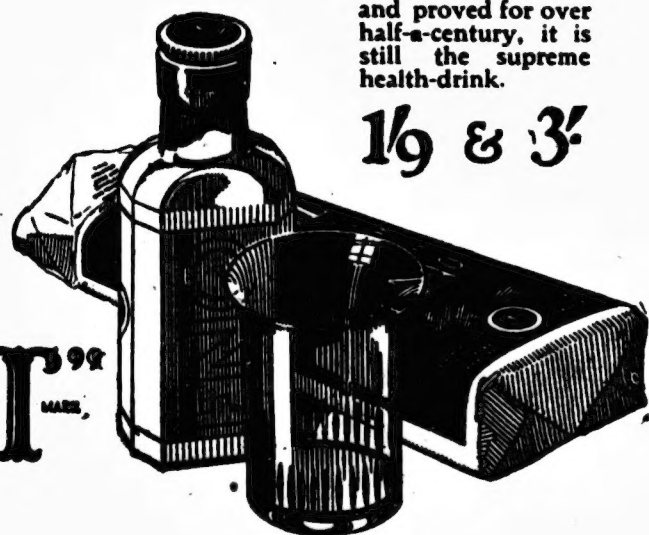
Half-health, variously and vaguely described as "off colour" or "out of sorts" or "below par," is apt to be regarded as a kind of accident—a slice of bad luck to be set to rights with harsh, nauseous remedies.

Half-health is no accident. It is a definite bodily condition, caused usually by a clogging of the system with impurities.

Don't wait for half-health to come! No effort is needed to prevent it—if you just follow the natural and time-honoured custom of drinking, first thing every morning, a glass of water sparkling with a 'dash' of ENO's "Fruit Salt." No harmful habit can result from doing so.

ENO contains no drastic mineral salts to shock or strain the system. It is gentle in action, pleasant to taste, and a true aid to Nature. Tested and proved for over half-a-century, it is still the supreme health-drink.

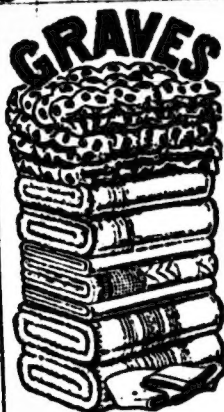
1/6 & 3'



ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

The World-Famed Effervescent Saline

Visitors to the British Empire Exhibition are cordially invited to call at the ENO Kiosk, No. 1, King's Way West.



BARGAIN BEDDING SALE

10/-
NOW

World's Finest Value. 1 pr All-Wool Blankets: 1 pr White Fleecy Blankets: 1 pr Unbleached Twill Sheets: 2 White Pillow Cases: 1 White Bolster Case: 1 Alhambra Quilt: 1 Lovely Wadded Quilt. All double bed size. 84 x 10 x 0. Terms to approved orders: 10/- now, balance 10/- monthly. Catalogue Post Free. J. G. GRAVES & L. SHEPHERD



SUITS 8/- A MONTH.

If you want a new suit for summer or holiday wear—something really smart, made to fit you by skilled tailors, then

WRITE FOR FREE PATTERNS of our famous "Ajax" Suits, price 88/-, etc., on easy terms 8/- monthly. We only sell good quality, which we offer you on easy terms, which allow you to wear BETTER clothes by paying a little every month. Write for patterns and Home measure form to-day. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

HARTERS, LTD., 22, Hope Street, E.T.L.

RHEUMATISM Made His Life MISERABLE URACE CURED HIM.

236, LONDON RD., DOVER.

Dear Sirs.—I would like you to know what a lot of good Urace has done my son. He suffered terribly with Rheumatism in his feet, making his life miserable. He cried with pain when taking off or putting on his boots. I thought I would try Urace; the result seems impossible. For he never complains now. Yours faithfully,

MRS. E. BUSELL.



RHEUMATISM CURED WITH TWO BOXES OF URACE.

112, Bon Accord Street, Aberdeen.

Dear Sir,—After being unable to dance for the last two months through rheumatism in my feet, I tried your "Urace" and it has worked wonders. I am as light on my feet as a fairy and dancing as good as ever. So every body tells me. I bought one 1/3 box in Aberdeen and one 5/- box in Coatbridge, and all I can say is that URACE for the RHEUMATISM RACE is "IT".

W. H. SMART.

URACE, and URACE alone, can cure Rheumatism. It directly attacks the cause—uric acid—dissolves and expels it from the system and prevents its reappearance. That is why it CURES, and CURES QUICKLY.

1/3, 3/- & 5/- per box

From Boots (600 Branches), Timothy White Co. Taylor's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Harrods and all Chemists and Stores, or direct for remittance from the URACE Laboratories, Dept. 75, 82, St. Thomas's Street, S.E.1.

URACE TABLETS

THE ACKNOWLEDGED REMEDY FOR

Neuralgia Cramp Nerve Pains
Lumbago Rheumatism Kidney Trouble
Gout Backache Sciatica, etc.

JOHN BULL'S FREE INSURANCE GIFT Storms! Floods! Lightning! Fire!



Actual Picture of the Floods in Buckinghamshire. Milkman, knee deep in water, on his rounds.

*Heavy toll in
readers' homes.*

THE terrible storm which swept over England a few days ago and which came heralded by the artillery of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning, has left ruin and desolation in its wake.

Houses were struck and set on fire; rents were made in roofs; the rain, lashed into fury by the tempest, poured in; houses were flooded to a depth of three feet; streets resembled rivers; chaos reigned.

At the time of going to press, numerous applications for benefits from registered readers are being received. They will be dealt with as promptly and as sympathetically as possible.

Meanwhile, what about your home? Was it damaged too? Are you covered not only against Storm and Fire but against Sickness and Accident as well? If you have not already registered, sign the forms now.

Total Benefits now paid—12,474.

OUT HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.2.2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name.....

Address.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

Date.....

Use 1d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent on receipt of 1d. stamped addressed envelope.

J.B. 31/5/24.

OUT HERE

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

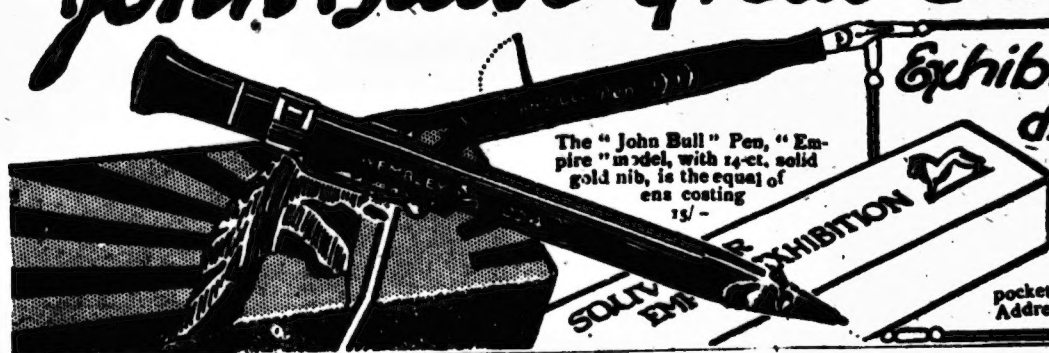
Signature.....

Address.....

Date.....

J.B. 31/5/24.

John Bull's Great Exhibition Offer— Exhibition Souvenirs FREE direct from Wembley—



The "John Bull" Pen, "Empire" model, with 14-ct. solid gold nib, is the equal of pens costing 15/-

We will post direct from our kiosk at Wembley to each applicant a Souvenir "Everpointed" Pencil FREE. These pencils, in lovely art shades, are emblazoned in gold with the Wembley insignia. This wonderful offer is made to commemorate the Exhibition, and to introduce the "John Bull" Lever Self-Filling 5s. "Empire" Model Pen, with 14 ct. Solid Gold Nib, guaranteed for two years. Send p.o. to-day for 5s. plus 3d. for postage, pocket-clip 3d. extra. Make p.o. payable to "John Bull" and cross "& Co." Address, "John Bull" Kiosk, Grand Bandstand, Wembley Exhibition.

When we have produced an antiseptic which can be taken internally without risk of injury to cell tissue, we shall have conquered infectious disease."—Lord Lister.

Public Manchester Test of The Yadil Treatment for Tuberculosis

One hundred cases now being treated free of charge

THIS test, undertaken on the suggestion of two Lancashire members of Parliament, was commenced early in March last. A report showing the progress of each case up to the 17th of April and full details of the treatment given has now been published by Quality Press Limited, and a copy will be sent, post free, on request, addressed to the Secretary, Quality Press Limited, 37, Bloomsbury Square, London, W.C.1.

IN view of the national importance of this Test, the report is being posted to all members of the General Medical Council, Medical Men on the Register, Tuberculosis Officers, Sanatoriums, Medical Journals throughout the Empire, National Health Insurance Committees, Officials of the Pharmaceutical Society, Cabinet Ministers throughout the Empire, Members of the House of Commons and the House of Lords, Mayors of

Cities, Towns, and Boroughs, British Ambassadors and Consuls everywhere, Governors, Secretaries and Resident Agents of the Dominions and Crown Colonies, the Ruling Princes of India, Directors of Life Insurance Companies, well-known Journalists, important newspapers throughout the Empire, etc.

Alex. Clement

'YADIL' ANTISEPTIC

Ensures the complete internal disinfection of the human system without risk of injury to the most delicate cell tissue.

Prepared by Clement & Johnson, Limited, Research Medical Chemists, 19, Sicilian Avenue, London, W.C. 1.

Liquid, 2 oz.	2/9	6 oz.	4/9	Pint	12/-	Quart	22/6
Pills 50	2/9	150	4/9	500	12/-	1,000	22/6

Of all Chemists and other Stores, or sent direct, post free, on receipt of remittance.
For Abroad add 3/- for postage and packing.

The word 'Yadil' is registered and is pronounced YAH-DIL

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Tottenham Street, Manchester.

HOW TO START BUSINESS WITH £2. — Cheapest wholesale warehouse for Drapery, Hosiery, Boots, and Clothing. Best House for beginners. Send for free catalogue. — H. Marks, 51, Houndsditch, E.C.1.

A.B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery trade. How to start. Useful hints. Worth pounds. Post free. Write to-day. — Cochrane's Warehouse, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only); list free. — H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 98, High Street, Manchester.

LADIES' Frocks, Blouses, Jumpers, Hosiery, Raincoats. Send for free Price List. — S. MENDEL (Dept. B.), 65, Market Street, MANCHESTER.

SHOPKEEPERS, STILLHOLDERS. — Send for Bargain List of Stationery, Smallwares, Fancy Goods, India Rubber Balls, Seaside Buckets and spades. — W. H. Jackson & Co., Dept. J.B., Grimsby.

BIG OPPORTUNITIES for Small Traders. — Special Cheap Lines in Hosiery, Underwear, Blouses, Jumpers, Overalls, Shirts, Collars, Ties, etc. Illustrated Catalogue Free. S. Mosco, 8, Lower Street, Piccadilly, Manchester.

AGENTS WANTED.

£10 PER MONTH CAN BE ADDED TO YOUR EARNINGS by selling in spare time Men's and Women's Boots and Shoes, Men's and Women's Clothing, Drapery, Furniture, Bedsteads, Lino, Carpets, Sewing Machines, Baby Carriages, Wringers, Electricos, China Ware, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, etc. Grand value. Cash or easy terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Men in regular work apply for Illustrated Catalogue and Particulars to **FREE-MAN'S**, Contractors to H.M. Government, 103, to 107, Lavender Hill, London.

PART-TIME AGENCY. — Ex. opportunity for persons in regular employment to sell Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Jewellery, etc.; cash or credit; good comm. — Apply, J. Turner (Dept. 19), 16, The Arcade, Grutun Road, Bradford.

AGENTS (spare or whole time). Splendid profits. Particulars free. — Metpol (J.B.), Tennyson Road, London, E.17.

SITUATIONS VACANT.**A THOUSAND MILLION POUNDS A YEAR!**

Goods to more than this value are manufactured every year in Britain and sold through the efforts of Expert Salesmen. Mr. Wallace Attwood, Britain's Leading Teacher of Salesmanship, has found over a thousand good positions at remuneration from £5 a week up to £1,000 a year, during the last two years alone. If you want to be trained and secure such a position in the Selling Profession, write for a free interesting book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," which will be sent, post free, by return. The Wallace Attwood Correspondence College, 287, Tottenham Road, London, W.C.1. **"THE COLLEGE THAT NEVER LETS A STUDENT DOWN."**

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE requires Armourers, Carpenters, for training as Carpenters, Fitters, Electricians, Electricians, Instrument Repairers, Power Station Tradesmen, Tinmiths and Sheet Metal Workers, and Wireless Operators. Age limits: Ex-Servicemen or skilled and semi-skilled tradesmen, 18 to 30; all others 18 to 26. Pay from 27/- to 38/6 per week, on enlistment, and all found. Allowance for wife and children to men 26 and over. — Write, stating age, or call: Inspector of Recruiting, R.A.F., Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2, or R.A.F. Recruiting Depot, 41, Church Street, Birmingham, and 106, New Bridge Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; free tuition; guaranteed wage for output; experience not necessary. — Send 1d. stamp for prospectus. — S. B. M. Co., Dept. 198, 51, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

ABANDON UNEMPLOYMENT. — Become a qualified Motor Driver with official certificate for 3 guineas. Pupils introduced to positions free. Write or call Secretary, British School of Motoring, Ltd., 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.1. Also advanced and Engineering Courses.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE? — Your advertisement inserted in 50 Provincial or London and Suburban Newspapers, 7/10; 25 Country, 2/6. Covering Wales, 3/6. Many others. Prospectus free. — Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London.

£5 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of 30/-. No previous experience necessary. — Write for particulars. — H. Levaline (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

"ARTICAIDS" FOR THE DEAF

Invisible Appliance for the Deaf. No batteries, fits right inside the ear. Small, light, washable.

FREE

We will present a pair of "Articaids," free, to all applications received within fourteen days from date of this paper. Absolutely no charge, and no obligation. Simply write your name and address and enclose this advertisement with 6d. in stamps to

D. & J. HILL, LTD.,
532, Danjill House, 267, Gray's Inn Rd.,
King's Cross, London, W.C.1.
Manchester Branch: 24, The Park, Eccles.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. Write, Noble Bros., Fetham Street, Nottingham.

CHEAP PRINTING. — 1,000 Billheads fr. 5/6. Handbills fr. 7/6. Memos, Business Cards, etc. Samp. free. — Crewey Press, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS direct (non-combine), therefore cheapest, from 3/4d. Write for free 1924 patt. bk. — Edith Wallpaper Co., Hunstet Road, Leeds.

A TROUSER PRESS for 7/6 and nothing more to pay! This press, "The Climax," has nickel fittings, is made to last, and British made, too. The firm who make it is The London Road Manufacturing Co., of Staines, Middx. (Examined by a representative of John Bull and sold under the conditions of the J.B. Advertisement Guarantee of satisfaction or money back.) Post your order TO-DAY.

PEARL NECKLET. 24 in., snap fastener, in case, 10/6. Agents wanted. — Harrold Co., 31, Eglantine Road, Wandsworth.

IRISH LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS. — Exceptional bargains, splendid quality Gent's Hemstitched, 18 in., 4 doz. 4s., better quality 5/- Ladies', 11 in., 4 doz. 3/6. Better quality 4/6. All-linen Hand Towels, damask ends, 22 x 40, 4/- each. All post free. — BENNETT'S IRISH LINENS, Room 607, 329, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

LATEST NOVELTY. — Genuine Pocket Size Opera or Field Glasses in case, complete (powerful lens, telescopic adjustment), 4/6 pair, p.f. (2 for 8/6). Satisf'n or money ret. — James & Co., 37, Charles St., Hatton Garden, London.

BOOTS. — Buy Factory Direct. Enormous saving. **AGENTS WANTED.** Stamp for lists (L.) & particulars. — British Boot Co., Bristol.

Are You Afraid of Going Bald?

Amazing Discovery of Hairgrowing Secret. Proved by over 1,000 Doctors. 32-page Illustrated Book FREE.

For years Scientists have known that the origin of nearly all hair troubles is malnutrition of the hair roots. Dr. David Walsh, M.D., Edin., points out: "Like all other tissues of the body hair derives its nourishment from the blood."

If you are afraid of going bald, if your hair causes the slightest anxiety, if it is dry and brittle, full of scurf or dandruff, if it is fading or falling out, even if you are bald, send a card at once for a free copy of an intensely interesting 32-page illustrated book about the startling hair-growing discovery.

ITS SENSATIONAL SUCCESS.

So amazing has been the success of this new hair food, Humagolan, that a special complimentary edition of its explanatory treatise has been prepared, and you should apply at once by letter or postcard to make sure of obtaining your free copy. It gives in clear, easy to understand language full details of the discovery that has revolutionized hair treatment. And it tells how Humagolan has conquered hair troubles that have hitherto defied every form of treatment, for Humagolan at last makes it possible to nourish the hair roots themselves in a scientific way. That is why

OVER A THOUSAND DOCTORS

have proved that this new hair food does cure hair troubles and brings a luxuriant growth of hair to the head that was going bald. From the moment the treatment is commenced Humagolan stops the hair from falling out, and it begins to grow stronger and thicker; bald patches disappear and natural vigorous growth is resumed.

Humagolan has been known to effect this wonderful change in the short space of a fortnight. Success can practically be guaranteed with one month's course of treatment. Many wise people who rejoice in good heads of hair take Humagolan regularly to preserve its health.

FASCINATING EGYPT. — Write the I.C.A., 2, 677, Sandog Bosta, Cairo, for Catalogue B. Letters or p.c.s 14d.

BEDSTEADS, etc., DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO HOME. Latest designs in Metal and Wood. Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc., also Furniture. All goods sent Carriage Paid in perfectly new condition (nothing shop-soiled). Illustrated Lists post free. Cash or instalments. Why pay retail prices? — Established 25 years. — CHARLES BILEY, Desk 10, MOOR ST., BIRMINGHAM.

MACS AND RAINCOAT BARGAINS. for Gents, Ladies, Children, Motorists, Motorcyclists, Cyclists, etc. Catalogue and patterns sent free. Write now. — MARTIN WATERPROOF CO., PARK STREET, CHEETHAM, MANCHESTER.

PEACH'S CURTAINS. — 1924 Catalogue Free. 600 Illustrations. Lace Curtains, Case-made Fabrics, Nets, Cretonnes, Blinds, Muslins, Linens. — S. PEACH & SONS, 141, The Looms, NOTTINGHAM.

BILLIARD TABLES. — New and second-hand; all sizes and makes. Bargain list free. — JELKS, 283-275, Holloway Road, N.7.

CYCLISTS, DON'T MISS IT. — Our Monster Shopping Guide, 100 pages. Hundreds of illustrations, thousands of truly stunning bargains. Secure it immediately. It's ABSOLUTELY FREE. — Cycles from £3/7/6. Easy payments, 2/3 weekly. Tyres, 2/11, Chains 2/3, Bells 6d., Half-crown Waterproof Caps, 4d. A revelation catalogue this. Postcard brings it free. — Write, Moorhouse, Ltd., 89, Winchester Works, Padham, Burnley.

If you have the slightest anxiety about your hair, do not delay! Send a letter or a card for a special free copy of the intensely interesting 32-page illustrated book which embodies the whole of this interesting subject, together with sketches showing how hair grows, the position of the hair roots and how they function, etc. It also includes chapters on Hygiene of the Hair, Your Brush and Comb, Scurf and Dandruff, Greasy Hair, Splitting Hair, Baldness, Nervous and Constitutional Troubles, Loss of Colour, Greyness, Alopecia, etc.

DO NOT DELAY—WRITE TO-DAY.

Do not hesitate to send coupon below or a Postcard for a Free copy of the book. It is sent to you post free and implies no obligation.

If you care to state in confidence any particular, a personal letter of advice will be sent free of all obligation. **HUMAGOLAN, LTD., 711, Faraday House, 10, Charing Cross Road, W.C. 2.**

FREE BOOK ON HAIR TROUBLES

To **HUMAGOLAN, LTD.,**
711, Faraday House,
10, Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C. 2.

Dear Sir, — Please forward a copy of your "Humagolan" Book gratis and post paid to—

Name

Address

SEND THIS FORM ON A POSTCARD.
Please state whether Mrs., Miss, Mr., Rev., or title, and print name and address in block capitals.

GUARANTEED CYCLES from £4/15/6. £100 Free Insurance. — Write for particulars of Easy Payments. — John Barker and Co., Kensington.

HAVE THAT CHERISHED PHOTO ENLARGED. — For 1/6 (including postage) the O.F. Photo Fine Art offer to make John Bull readers a life-size enlargement (20 in x 16 in.). This extraordinary offer is fully described in the advertisement on page 4.

DRESS.

"NORVIC" and **"MASCOT"** SHOES for men are smart, wear well, and keep their shape. Send for style Booklet and name of nearest Agent, to Norvic Shoe Co., Norwich. Satisfaction guaranteed.

MUSICAL.

BOYD Pianos, world-famed for tone, touch, durability, direct from makers, on their deferred payment system. — Catalogue in colours, Boyd, Ltd. (Dept. 6), 19, Holborn, London, E.C.1.

ACCORDIONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments. — Ill. Catalogue free. — Douglas, 99, King's Chambers, South Street, E.C.4.

GRAMOPHONES 30/6, motors 10/-; accessories. Violins, accordions, cheapest. 32-page list 2d. How to make Gramos. — Regentbull, 150, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

WIRELESS.

WIRELESS. — Build your own Valve Set. Two-valve Set, with cabinet, all ready to assemble, 24 17s. 6d., 2/- weekly. Sets, Phones, Speakers, all easy payments. — **WIRELESS DISTRIBUTING CO., LTD., WALMAN HOUSE, REGENT STREET, W.1.**

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED. — Artico Brand Worm Tablets are Specialists' positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1/4d. stamp for Free Pamphlet. — Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

PILES. — Amazing Cures. Absolutely never fails. The guarded secret of an age-old Italian Monastery, Yroc, now available to all sufferers. Generous 1/3 (in sufficient severest case). — Yroc (DF), 334, Green Lanes, London, N.6.

STAMMERING. — I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child). Particulars free. — Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

RELIABLE Rupture Remedy. — Do you want cheapest and best appliance made, guaranteed to hold your rupture under all strains, on trial (trust) Cat free. — Pope, 11, Canning Street, Liverpool.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING. — Genuine Remedy proved by testimonials and recommended by Editor, "Health and Efficiency." — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.C.), Hutton Road, S.W.6.

BLADDER WEAKNESS. — This distressing complaint in children, invalids and adults quickly cured by **"PARKER'S REMEDY."** Invaluable to ladies of middle age. 3/- bottle at Boots, or post free from Parker's Remedy Co., 18, James St., Liverpool. Write for particulars.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS. — use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. **SENT ON TRIAL.** Catalogue free. — Address, **BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD., (1763U), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.**

VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, &c.; TREATMENT ON APPROVAL. — To prove that you can be permanently cured without operation, drugs, bandages, failure or relapse, we will send our **NEW SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT ON TRIAL, FREE OF ALL CHARGE.** Instant relief guaranteed. — Call, write or phone for full particulars of our **FREE APPROVAL OFFER** and Booklet "B." **LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL MFG. CO., LTD.** (Dept. N.P.), 26, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, London. Works: Passy, Paris, France.

GOITRE, Enlarged Glands, Tonils and Tumours quickly cured without operation. Testimonial proofs and advice free. — W. Duncan, M.B., Specialist (Dept. K), Medical Hall, 44, Broadway, Grays.

NERVOUSNESS, BLUSHING. — A remarkable book on genuine cure sent privately for 3d. — H. Rivers (J.B.13), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

NEW LIFE to Weak, Wary, Nervous, Faded People. Wonderful Drugless Discovery restores Youth, Energy, Vitality, Nerve Force. Trial free. Write to-day. — Percivals, Ltd., 67, St. Albans.

SEND for Valuable Book, "Everyday Allments," containing over 100 pages, explaining how to cure with Herbal Remedies. Three penny stamps for post. — Hall's Hygiene Co., Ltd., J.B., Salford, Manchester.

FITS Positively Cured. — Booklet describing genuine home-made remedy free from **WHITBY & CO., WINSFORD, Cheshire.**

PATCHY BALDNESS. — Amazing and permanent cures effected by new secret remedy. No failures. Sufficient to cure, 2/6, p.f. — Booker, 15, Beech Rd., Waltham-on-Avon.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR-PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one. — Trimmell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

FILMS DEVELOPED and Printed per return post. Stamp for price list. — "ACME" Developing and Printing Service (K.), 26, Battersea Rise, London, S.W.11.

MOTHERS, bachelors and bachelor ladies all want "Mend-a-Tear," for it mends tears in a moment, without stitches. Just press with a hot iron. Send 1d stamp for free sample. — Leicester Rubber Co., Ltd., 23, Granby Mills, Leicester.

A GARDEN HINT. — Just as we all prepare for "a rainy day," so it is well to be ready when the rain doesn't come. With the dry days of summer—and if the weather experts are to be believed, a heat wave as well—before us, the special offer of garden hose by Messrs. Campbell & Co. on page 4 makes a ready appeal. Equally attractive is the offer of garden shears and syringes by the same firm.

ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in **JOHN BULL.** If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.

This guarantee does not apply to complaints arising from advertisements of medicines, land, buildings, company prospectuses, turf commission agents, or personal service of any kind.

STOP THAT HEADACHE

FREE TWO ZOX POWDERS FREE

Mention this Journal and enclose 1d. stamped addressed envelope. ZOX may be had from Chemists and Stores in 1/6 and 3/- boxes, or post free at these prices from **THE ZOX CO., 11, Hatton Gdn., London, E.C.1.**

WITH

ZOX



VITAL TRIFLES

It's the little things that count.

A chap once said—was it that pocket-philosopher Arnold Bennett?—that a good rule for a good day was to smile at the first man you meet when you go out in the morning.

I'd no idea there was more in that than—just smiling.

But there is. It entails having a good shave.

When I tried the morning smile I found it actually *hurt* . . . as though the skin broke in a thousand tiny directions. Know the feeling?

Still, I thought the morning smile was a pretty good notion. It seemed worth a little trouble to try it properly.

So I actually changed my shaving soap for another kind.

Just as bad. Changed it again—Pears, this time.

Well, now I think I know that that pocket-philosopher—was it Arnold Bennett?—*must* use Pears.

It not only makes it easy to smile; it makes you *want* to smile.

It's the little things that count.

PEARS OPAQUE SHAVING STICK



JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL



For the People—
the Right
to Justice
& Truth

95, LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.2

Telephone:
GERARD 9866.

Telegram:
HEROICALLY,
LONDON.

England is Sound!

A miner represents the King at Holyrood, while at the first Court of the season Socialists and their families are the outstanding figures. How excessively annoying it all must be to our imitation Bolsheviks!

Doles for Children.

While opposing the principle of extending the dole to children, we recognise that necessitous cases need special remedies.

A Better Way.

Why not pay the money to the parents on condition that the children are kept at school beyond the statutory age limit? Maintenance grants are better than premiums on idleness.

Unbelievable Pessimism.

The announcement that there will be 1,000,000 unemployed to the end of 1926, and a permanent body of 800,000 unemployed after that, leaves us aghast at the paucity of statesmanship it displays.

Reorganise!

Until no one in the country lacks for anything, how can there be a scarcity of work? It is a question of reorganising a broken-down economic system. Surely that is not beyond the wit of man?

Where and Who?

Shipping freights are almost farcically low, yet the price of food-stuffs remains abnormally high. It is perfectly clear that somewhere swollen profits are being exacted.

Get their Names.

Mr. Sidney Webb has prepared a Bill designed to check profiteering. It is not enough; we need a searching investigation to fix the guilt with certainty.

Tackle the Roots.

Price control proved futile enough during the war. Stock exchange gambling and similar big operations are at the root of the trouble, and it is here that the blow should be struck.

Misguided Economy.

For two years inspectors have paid no visits to 91,000 factories and workshops. Safe and sanitary workshops are a national necessity. The sooner the Home Secretary remedies this scandal the better.

Who's to Blame?

The number of ships that leave port loaded beyond the safety line points to grave neglect of duty on someone's part. Wake up, Mr. Webb! This is your department.

So We Say.

The suggestion that wages in the engineering industry should be secured on a stable basis like dividends brings forward an old plea of ours.

An Essential Preliminary.

By insurance, co-operation or some similar means the bogey of insecurity must be removed from the workers' lives. Only then can talk of increased productivity fall on receptive ears.

Don't Be Shy!

Mr. Churchill has a new housing plan which he will only disclose if elected. It would be better to disclose it now and chance the rest.

Exploiters All.

It is this constant desire to make political capital out of the nation's necessities that wearies the plain man with politicians and their ways. Statesmanship seems to be a lost art.

Robbery.

In four months tenders for five-roomed houses have increased by £200. Here is ample cause for a court of inquiry into building costs.

A Quid Pro Quo.

Mr. Wheatley's housing scheme proposes a fifteen years' guarantee against unemployment. The least we can expect in return is a fifteen years' guarantee against strikes.

Fair All Round.

It further implies a fifteen years' guarantee to the builders of a steady market for their wares. Let us have a reciprocal guarantee of fifteen years' absence of price raising.

We'll Wait and See.

At present the whole scheme looks to us absurdly one-sided. We shall keep a sharp eye on the Bill when it eventually comes before Parliament.

Dilution Imperative.

Meanwhile the supply of labour is the crux of the problem. There is no indication that this will be forthcoming. If Mr. Wheatley allows the unions to ride roughshod over the nation, his scheme is still-born.

Proof.

The potential settlement of the mines dispute contains a lesson we have often urged on both disputants and Government—that it is wiser and easier to inquire and negotiate before a strike than after.

It Will Work Again.

With a national disaster so smoothly averted, the public expect the Government to insist on this method in all future disputes that affect national interests.

Unpleasant Developments.

The charity agent who organises appeals—and takes a commission on results—is a new form of middleman whom we don't like. When charity becomes a business it ceases to be charity.

Storms! Floods! Lighting! Fire!

Heavy Toll in Readers' Homes

Big List of Applications for Benefits
See page 2

Caught Again!

Russia will recognise pre-war debts in return for a loan. That's a nasty one for the mischief-making plot Press which has been so sedulously misrepresenting the facts.

As We Said.

And their declaration that the loan will be used to purchase British goods is ample justification for our belief that the recognition of Russia would lead to nothing but good.

That's the Stuff!

President Cosgrave has sacked the entire Dublin Corporation because of its extravagance and inefficiency. There must be a lot of people in Whitehall who are glad Mr. MacDonald hasn't equal courage!

Let Themselves Decide.

During the war we heard a lot of the magic virtues of "Self-Determination." If there ever was a case where the principle might usefully be applied it is the eternal wrangle over the Ulster Border.

Let Parliament Act!

The judgment of the Court of Appeal in the Harnett Case clearly points to the necessity for a thorough inquiry into, and reform of, the lunacy laws. It is the only way of allaying the widespread uneasiness of the public.

Back to Freedom!

With the advent of the holiday season we once again demand the abolition of the passport futility. A war-time necessity, it is nothing but an unmitigated nuisance in peace time. Give us back our liberty!

War Maladies.

Week after week there is a steady increase in the cases of sleepy sickness. The situation is sufficiently serious to warrant a searching investigation by the Ministry of Health.

Re-enter Clericalism.

Behind the scenes careful plans are being laid for a renewed campaign to establish religious domination of the schools. "Church and State" is to be given a new meaning.

Someone Has Blundered.

Most of the amusements at Wembley cost 100 per cent. more than similar devices at seaside resorts. Such bad business methods will meet their just reward unless common-sense intervenes.

The Public Doesn't Matter!

The refusal of the Railway Rates Tribunal to appoint a member representing passengers' interests is a high-handed action. It is just such stupidity that swings public opinion ever nearer nationalisation.

Dogs in the Manger.

All over England there is an increasing tendency to close public footpaths, many of which have been used for centuries. We welcome the Public Rights of Way Bill and wish it a speedy passage into law.

Trading on Pity.

We invite the police to pay strict attention to the "firms" which hire out "pictures" to pavement artists on a sharing basis. It is a despicable imposture as well as a mean fraud.

Playing with Fire.

In order to show his friend how a charge was exploded, Charles Lee of 8, Merchant Street, Edinburgh, produced from his pocket a stick of gelignite, attached a fuse to it and then applied a light. Realising the consequences that might ensue, he at once placed his foot on the fuse in an endeavour to extinguish it, but his effort was too late. An explosion followed and Lee's foot was badly shattered. Why will people play the fool?

Profiteering.

After the Armistice the Government unloaded on the market huge quantities of building materials, which were sold at a loss met by the taxpayer. The same materials are now in the hands of profiteers who are demanding prohibitive prices for them. The Government knows what the original selling price was. Why not force the holders to sell on reasonable terms or to disgorge the difference they are charging?

Third-class Gallantry.

A Leeds woollen merchant, Walter Schutt, persuaded a girl clerk of Bradford to ride with him on the railway in a first-class carriage. She had only a third-class ticket, and when detected he went off and left her to bear the consequences. Schutt's good position does not make his conduct any the less contemptible. Only a cur would leave a girl to face the music.

Love will Find a Way.

"I would do anything to prevent her going to prison," pleaded Emily Green's lover when he had listened to the charge against her for thefts from a shop at Westbourne Grove, Bayswater. And when Emily was placed on probation and discharged, the magistrate added: "You have only your lover to thank. Had he not come forward, you would have gone to prison." But a true lover is always there when wanted.

An Expensive Enquiry.

After a Ministry of Health Inspector had visited Cornwall in connection with an enquiry into a local drainage scheme, the East Kerrier District Council were presented with a bill for £20 17s. 2d. for his expenses. It was stated that the enquiry lasted only a couple of hours, but that the inspector spent two days in the district, staying at first-class hotels. The Council decided to ask the Ministry for details of the account. Perhaps they will discover that officials eat goldfish!

One of Our Boys!

Little Willie Jones, a scholar at Pontymoel School, Pontypool, is only four years old, but he has already proved himself to be more than half a man. On two occasions in three weeks recently he saved the lives of small boys who had fallen into a deep dyke at Trosnant, and although medals are somehow seldom awarded for such acts of juvenile gallantry, his parents may well be proud of the son they have bred, and his schoolfellows should feel honoured to sit beside such a hero. Bravo, little Billie!

A Brute and a Baby.

When a gipsy named Edward Boswill was charged at Newton Abbot with revolting cruelty to his baby son only two years and five months old, an inspector of the N.S.P.C.C. stated that he was sent to prison for three months at Truro for ill-treating the same child in January, 1923, and there were other convictions. Yet the local magistrates only imposed a fine, allowing the wretch a month in which to pay. What seems most monstrous is that the poor baby boy should be left in the inhuman hands of his brutal father.

Noah's Ark.

In a small attic at 23, Castle Street, Dumbarton, Edward Sweeney and his wife give their offspring a bit of a dog's life. Two grown-up daughters, one son aged sixteen, and five children, aged from eleven months to twelve years, live in this one apartment along with three dogs and five puppies. When an inspector called he found the children in a filthy condition, ill-nourished and uncared for. On the day of his visit the little mites had a bun for breakfast! The heartless parents deserved their six weeks' imprisonment.

A Football Hero.

John Smith, residing at 267, Main Street, Renton, is a hero as well as a footballer. When he saw little Charles Stevenson being carried down the River Leven, he plunged into the water and brought the child safely to land. John is known in football circles as "Cutty." He's a real plucky one!

Late for Their Funerals.

Owing to complaints having been made that clergymen have forgotten to attend funerals, the Kidderminster Joint Cemetery Committee have decided to fine offenders one guinea. In one case it was stated that a ceremony was delayed several hours while search was made for a parson, a disgraceful state of affairs that the clergy would do well to remedy.

Legalised Robbery.

A Lambeth woman with three children under five, whose husband earns £2 5s. weekly, is paying a guinea a week for one unfurnished room. When she appealed against the rent at the Lambeth County Court, the Deputy Registrar told her he could do nothing for her, as the room was decontrolled. Thus is robbery legalised, and justice thwarted, by our chaotic Rent Act law.

Open the Baths!

Although most London public recreation grounds are now thrown open for games on Sundays, the local Councils persist in keeping the public baths closed, except for an hour or two in the morning, on the only day when thousands of workers who possess no bathrooms have a chance of enjoying a good wash "all over." Even the most rigid religionist could scarcely object to the Sunday opening of the baths, seeing that cleanliness is next to godliness.

The Human Machine.**THE WILL TO LEARN**

By E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

ONE of the things that makes a study of the mind so fascinating is that its territory is still very largely an unknown country.

Science has established general principles along which the mind works. We know with fair accuracy how various processes—such as memory—take place, upon what factors they depend, and how we may best use our known powers to attain our ends.

But our knowledge of the mind is not comparable to our knowledge of the body.

We know fairly exactly the limits of our bodily powers. A trained athlete, for example, can only jump about six feet, or run a hundred yards in about ten seconds.

It is safe to assume that no one will ever clear ten feet, or do the hundred yards in five seconds.

But when we come to the mind we know only very vaguely the common everyday limits to its powers.

About the limits of its possible powers we know practically nothing at all.

When all the fraud and superstition are eliminated from Spiritualism and psychic investigations, there remains enough scientific knowledge to make us wonder if there are any limits at all.

Telepathy, for instance, is a scientifically established fact.

Will power, with which we shall have to deal fully at a later date, seems capable of tapping an inexhaustible supply of energy.

Since the first part of the memory process is the learning of the facts, it is important that the will should give an impetus and not act as a brake.

"The will to learn" is a scientific way of saying, "You never know what you can do till you try."

If you learn with zest and vigour you will remember with ease.

Love and Lucre.

Patrick Hynes, of Moate, West Meath, finds the world all wrong. He sent a boy to tell Miss Mary McAuley he would love to wed her, and when she accepted demanded £200 for his hand. She agreed, so he put up the price to £300 as he said another girl would pay that. Then she sued him for breach. "But I was always willing to marry her provided I got the £200!" he protested. But they ordered him to pay £175 damages. We congratulate Miss McAuley on her escape!

Northern Sense.

Working-class parents of Forfarshire, anxious that their children should have good schooling, are having their burden eased by a thoughtful scheme inaugurated by the County Education Authority. All pupils' text-books are let out on payment by the parents of a hiring fee, thus reducing the yearly cost by roughly 50 per cent. and enabling people moving to another district to save expenditure on the different books of the new school attended. Other authorities might well adopt the plan.

Penalising Pedlars.

A pedlar's certificate states that the holder is "authorised to act as a pedlar anywhere in the United Kingdom." Apparently this should be revised by the addition of the words "bar Bolton," for pedlars who go there find that they are not permitted to exercise their right unless they provide themselves, at a cost of 6s., with a supplementary licence issued by the local authority. Moreover, this local licence is granted only to those already in possession of a pedlar's certificate. It seems to us a shameful extortion.

Forty Years of Work.

Misplaced leniency on the part of magistrates in dealing with parental brutality must be very distressing to the N.S.P.C.C., which is responsible for bringing so many cases of cruelty to light. The Society is this week celebrating the fortieth anniversary of its foundation. In its first year it dealt with 95 cases involving 175 children. Last year it took up 39,430 cases affecting 98,023 children, and during its career has protected from neglect and cruelty and other wrongs a grand total of 3,360,803 little ones. A splendid record!

The Garden of Sleep.

A Whitstable reader who last winter attended continuation classes in carpentry and joinery, building construction, and geometry for the building trades, and sat for examination in these subjects, is anxious to obtain the certificates issued to successful candidates by the Kent Education Committee, as an increase in his salary depends upon his securing them. He is informed, however, that the results are not published for ten or twelve months. Surely the Kent authority can do better than this!

Children not Allowed.

In advertising for a man and wife to undertake the duties of Guildhall superintendent and housekeeper, the Corporation of the City and County of Kingston-upon-Hull stipulate that candidates must be under forty-five years of age and must have no children. Such a condition is nothing short of a public scandal. Hull's Civic Week is shortly to be held at Wembley. We wonder whether the Hull City Fathers will imagine that the marvels of the British Empire there displayed could have been achieved by a nation of eunuchs.

Poor Beggar!

West Bridgford is a first-class residential suburb of Nottingham, with a population of about 15,000 and a rateable value of about £70,000. The local Council, requiring an assistant rate collector, advertised for one, and having made their selection, recently confirmed the appointment at a salary of 35s. a week. Seeing that men who work locally on the roads are paid a good deal more, we are not surprised that several councillors heatedly protested against such a miserable pittance being paid to a full-time public servant, and that one of them exclaimed, "Poor beggar!"

One More Victim.

All that we have said of money-lenders is borne out by this tale. Too proud to disclose his serious financial difficulty, the Rev. Goodfrey Bernard Blake, of Irthington, Cumberland, sought help from money-lenders and for three miserable years was at their mercy. Borrowing from one money-lender to pay another, his debts mounted up until his mind became unbalanced. And in despair he drowned himself. Is comment necessary?

The Trials of Deafness.

The General Acoustic Co., of 18, Hanover Street, London, write with regard to the complaint of a reader who found their Acousticon for deafness unsatisfactory and asked for his money back, that they could not agree, as the instrument was retained for a year. They regard that as a reasonable objection. It would certainly be better if people suffering from deafness would consult their doctors about the use of any instrument before making their purchases.

The Silver Tongue.

One of Sheffield's most notorious mug-finders has been Jesse Varley, the silversmith, formerly of the firm of Peace, Sons & Varley, the electroplaters. When the firm went into liquidation he acquired the business, only to use it as a bait to induce people to hand him their savings in return for valueless debentures and share certificates. The pity is that people, especially those in need of employment, so readily part with their money to swindlers without making proper inquiries.

Why Boilers Burst?

A boilermaker who understands the construction of boilers of all kinds from start to finish and has, moreover, passed through an exhaustive course of instruction in boiler engineering, gaining a diploma in the subject, applied to the Board of Trade for an appointment as boiler inspector. He was informed that boilermakers are not employed in that capacity, and that the Board examines and grants certificates only to sea-going engineers. We should have thought that a man with years of practical experience in boiler construction was qualified for the job.

Shillings Out of Sorrow.

To make shillings out of the sorrows of others appears to be the aim in life of Geo. Frankland, of Farnham Royal, Bucks, who sends circulars to those who mourn offering them "Don'ts for the Bereaved," by Ivory Dwells, which is described as a "non-religious booklet of practical hints to assist the bereaved in overcoming their sorrow," and is priced at one shilling. Whatever may be the nature of the consolation contained in the pamphlet, Frankland's method of toutting for subscribers while the tears of grief are still wet is, to say the least, unseemly and distasteful.

Taverner's Tricks.

Since last we referred to the activities of Mr. W. Taverner, of Quarterly Dividends, Ltd., Ilfracombe, we have received a number of letters, some of them extremely pathetic, from people who have invested money as the result of this person's plausible promises. Although it is a scandal that tin-pot concerns like those associated with Taverner can be run with impunity in the present state of the law, and we keep asking the authorities if they cannot do anything to alter matters, we can only go on warning readers who receive his alluring circulars to put them into the waste-paper basket.

Adam's Wild West.

The attentions of Adam Smith, Limited, the notorious money-lenders of 72, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W., are more persistent than pleasant. Obviously with the idea of drawing JOHN BULL's sleuth-hounds off the scent, they have renewed their invitation to visit them, saying, "We thought you would not have refused to have a little adventure in the Wild West of Piccadilly. We would not mind standing you a bumper of champagne. Now that you have had so much to say against us, why not say something nice about us?" We know all about this menagerie of money-lenders, and prefer an honest glass of beer in Long Acre. Pah!

Why Work.

Cunning Isaacs is a mug compared with Henry Willoughby, of Florence Street, Middlesbrough. Only twenty-four, he has imbibed a lot of astuteness. He draws relief from the guardians and unemployment pay, and is a bookmaker, it was stated when he was fined £2. And aren't Middlesbrough ratepayers glad to know where their money goes! Willoughby or Wangleby?

A Pest of the Post.

Unsigned letters inspired by a mind saturated with pruriency have been the plague from which many innocents in Glasgow have suffered for some weeks, the pervert in some cases broadcasting the obscenity on the cheap by omitting to prepay the postage. We wish the police the best of luck in their attempt to stamp out this nauseating practice.

A Hint to Women M.P.s.

"It's the old story, sir. The woman pays, every time," said the stricken father of Elise Gray, of Purley Vale, to the Croydon coroner. Poor Elise, betrayed and "in trouble," shut herself up in a room and turned on the gas. And it will continue to be the old story until our seduction laws are so tightened up that the man cannot so easily evade his responsibilities in such cases as this.

A Crusade for Fools.

The Rev. John Spokes, Editor of the *Crusader*, the Christian social weekly, writes to say that there is no connection between his journal and the paper which we recently criticised. The Rev. Mr. Spokes is wise to make this disclaimer. He might now ask why the title of his journal was so accurately copied by the concern we attacked.

Problems of Life.**FETTERING ATTACHMENTS**

By the REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

OF all the pitiful things that enter into our general experience there is none more intractable than that of a life spoiled by being shackled to a precious memory or a futile desire.

Most of us can forget our griefs in time; some, indeed, can quickly console themselves for the loss of personal affection; but there are tenacious natures which find this relief exceedingly difficult.

A father has lost his only son in the war. "I cannot get over it," he says; "all my hopes were on that boy; I have nothing to live for."

A poor sex-maddened youth cuts the throat of the girl who has refused to marry him because she preferred someone else.

At first sight there seems nothing in common between the mentality of the bereaved father and that of the homicidal lover, but there is.

Both have allowed themselves to be obsessed by an emotion not ignoble in itself, but too restricted in range, too bindingly personal.

The force of that emotion might have lifted them to greater things.

Tennyson sings:

*"Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others
O Death in Life, the days that are no more."*

We have all known such days, but we ought to be the nobler for them, not the baser.

Lovers seldom suspect how much of vanity and selfishness is mixed up with their passion; and bereavement that refuses all comfort is self-centred also.

We should mount upon our loves as upon angels' wings, till our vision of the mingled pathos and glory of life grows ever more and more.

Better Employed.

If the special staff now employed by the Post Office in searching the mails for sweepstakes circulars could be turned to detecting the tons of obscene prints passing through the post, it would render a greater service to the nation. We offer the tip free to the P.M.G.

Pop Goes the Coronet.

We notice that the circulars of the Oil Lease Investment Co., 21a, Southampton Buildings, Holborn, London, W.C., which is run in association with International Oil Industries, 15, Strand, London, W.C., no longer bear the coronet and signature of Lord Haldon, but are sent out by plain John M. Fitzgibbon, Manager. Even such shady concerns must have found these adornments a doubtful asset, and the circulars certainly look more respectable without them, but the proposals they contain are of the same illusory character.

Lost Chords.

A reader who sent a fully-orchestrated one-step, which had been "tried-out" at a public dance with great success, to the Giles Publishing Co., of High Street, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C., learned after many weeks of waiting that the firm had removed to Denmark Street, and that during the removal his composition, of which they possessed the only copy, was mislaid. His efforts to obtain satisfaction by way of compensation for the loss, or by getting the music rewritten at their expense, are met with stony silence. Perhaps a summons would prove effective.

Fishing for Golden Girls.

Girls who answered an advertisement in the *Daily Express* stating that "a few refined young lady swimmers and divers will be required shortly for a big aquatic production on the Continent; engagement guaranteed," received a reply from William A. Kenna, of Grimes Farm, Bradfield, Norwich, explaining that he was departing from the usual practice of engaging professional swimmers, and inviting amateurs to pay him a fee of £25 for training. There seems to be a great deal of appropriateness in the legend printed at the head of his note-paper, "An Old Art in a New Setting."

Greedy Shylocks.

B. Simpson, Ltd., of 57, Fern Avenue, Newcastle, who advertise loans "without any security whatever," asked a reader to fill in a form and send them 5s. 6d. for expenses. He did so, and received a reply that the loan could not be granted unless a householder would act as surety. This is bad enough, but the limit in greed is surely reached in their concluding paragraph: "To ensure a reply, it is necessary to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope on each occasion." Whatever B. Simpson, Ltd., do with the money they demand for "expenses," it is evident that they have no intention of spending any of it on stamps.

Send no Money.

A reader who sent 3s. 6d. on New Year's Day to Grange and Co., 1, Green Street, Manchester, with an order for goods, could obtain no acknowledgment and asked us to communicate with the firm. We wrote to them on January 14. We received our letter back from the Post Office on May 16, marked, "Delivered in due course and returned May 9 as gone." What had happened to it during those four months we do not know, but the incident should serve as a warning to readers to send no money to unknown concerns. The sooner we get a C.O.D. postal service the better.

Webb's Web.

F. Webb, of 478, High Road, Tottenham, continues to spin his web for unwary young married couples. A reader who sent him £3 and arranged to pay 12s. monthly for a consignment of furniture "worth fifty guineas" which was advertised at eighteen guineas, learned too late that the goods would not be delivered until the last instalment had been paid. A request for the return of the deposit or goods to that value brought a reply insisting that furniture to the full amount of the original invoice must be purchased, and Webb sticks like glue to the £3.

Britain's Boy Slaves

THE youth of a country is its most precious asset. Let us see what this means in practice, and what a wise and paternal Government is doing for the large class of boys engaged in casual labour in the docks.

Through these docks and harbours the wealth of the Empire flows in a great and golden stream. The boys who work there are but flotsam and jetsam of that tide.

The boilers of ships arriving in port must be cleaned, and as soon as possible. Otherwise ships are held up, crews unemployed, dividends reduced, and our food must cost us more. The boys do their bit to obviate that disaster.

Cleaning a ship's boiler is an ugly job. A grown man must not go into a boiler until twenty-four hours after steam has been blown off. They are not allowed to do so by their union, because it is dangerous to the health of the workers.

So, while the men, protected by this rule of their union, wait outside for the boilers to cool, little boys are sent in to begin cleaning boilers and raking out the mud-holes. There is no union rule to safeguard them.

In they go and tackle their heavy task. The fumes given off are sometimes so strong that the poor boys are often brought out unconscious. You will see from this the advantage of being fully grown.

Cleaning out a mud-hole is a filthy job. The boys who do it must sometimes be on their stomachs in the mud, rake it out with their hands and pass it out to a man to carry away. Which do you think has the better job?

Sometimes the boys have to use candles for light. Such candles are coloured with a preparation to prevent rats eating them, and they give off fumes which are detrimental to health. Extra wages, known as "dirty money," are paid to men for specially dirty work. Boys engaged for dirty work do not receive "dirty money" as such. That is another advantage which accrues to the worker who has been privileged to grow up.

It may be thought that the boys, when they grow up, will get their reward for this amazing inequality of treatment. They don't. They drift, for the most part, into the group of casual labourers, because there is no system of apprenticeship by which scaler boys necessarily pass into the grade of scaler men when they grow up.

So they just go on—chipping off incrustations in boilers, cleaning bilges from greasy refuse, breathing horrible fumes in dark and confined spaces, their clothing reduced to rags and their health impaired by the harsh "scaler cough."

There is only one way to put these helpless boys on equality with men. The Factory Act must be extended to cover all boys engaged in ship-repair work. It is a scandal to blush for that this has not been done years ago.

The New Forty Thieves

SCOTLAND YARD is faced with the biggest job in its existence. Behind the many business liquidations in this country a gang of Russian Jews are becoming wealthy. Millions of pounds are involved in this amazing swindle.

FOREIGN parasites are fattening on the trade of this country to an extent that leaves the old stories of Dick Turpin cold, uneventful chronicles.

They organise their great offensive upon our trade with equal skill and daring. The frauds they have successfully achieved have robbed honest traders in this country of forty or fifty million pounds within two or three years.

Here, in a nutshell, is the procedure. The head of the gang keeps in the background. He sets up in business a large number of young men, financing them with enough money to open an office and begin trading. The figure-head proprietor orders goods, at first for cash, and, when confidence has been established, for credit, giving as references other branches which are still doing a cash business to keep up a reputation.

When a few thousand pounds worth of goods have been obtained, the figure-head proprietor goes bankrupt, his liabilities are generally ten times his assets, and he puts in a list of creditors to whom he says he owes money. They are bogus creditors in the swindle.

A married woman named Mabel Webb, with her twenty-year-old daughter, set up in business in Lichfield Street, Hanley, last year. They bought goods on credit to the extent of hundreds of pounds in the name of Arthur Marsden. They did not pay—and disappeared.

They started again in Longton in the name of J. H. Roberts, and did the same thing. When they were recently tried for fraud they did not call either Marsden or Roberts, though they said both these men were rela-

tives. Yet these relatives were not called to save them from jail to which, of course, they were both sent. In most of these cases the mystery figure remains in the background.

There is a man named Max Clapper at present in jail. He was running a clothing factory in High Road, Tottenham. In five months he bought goods to the value of £60,000 on credit, and had paid £10,000 into his banking account instead of to his creditors. How much more he paid himself we do not know. But most of his £60,000 stock had gone.

Then he arranged a bogus burglary, which was detected by sheer accident. For this he went to jail. Amongst his creditors, to whom he admitted owing £40,000, were a number of firms with Russian names. The other day a man named Barnett Memerovsky went to jail for theft. He was only twenty-four. A year ago he went bankrupt for something like £30,000. He put in a list of creditors to whom he said he owed money. One was Max Clapper!

One of his friends was Nathan Novodvorsky, who, with two others, was sent to jail for terms between six and twelve months for frauds involving over £11,000. They were all in the twenties, they all expected penal servitude, and left the dock laughing. At the age of eighteen he became insolvent for a large sum, but bankruptcy proceedings were stayed because he was under age.

These are the types of young fellows who make excellent branch bogus business proprietors. They are practically all young Russian Jews. They go to jail laughing, because they know the master crook in the background will set them up again.

We have given a few examples. We could give hundreds more. Most of the money has gone to the Long Firm Fraud King.

This man is a Russian Jew. He stands behind a whole range of these bogus businesses. He pulls the strings. These young alien boys are his cats' paws. When a boy of eighteen fails in business for many thousands you must look behind him for someone who showed him how to do it.

This master crook uses many names, Cohen being a favourite alias. He goes to his office in the city almost every day, manipulating his bogus companies, ordering his tools to ship goods from one firm to another till they can be safely turned into profit for him by bogus bankruptcies.

He has some forty young Russian Jews acting as his agents and engineering his frauds. They take the risk—he takes the profits, out of which he pays them well. It will be a difficult and complicated job to unravel the tangled threads of this fellow's rascality. Scotland Yard regards it as the biggest commercial fraud it has ever had to tackle.

There is one clear way to track this master crook down. The bogus claims in fraudulent bankruptcies must be followed home. The difficulty is that these fraudulent traders keep no books. But if these bogus creditors are watched—and most of their names appear repeatedly in creditors' lists—their common association will be obvious.

If these lines are followed, the police will be able to keep observation on the people who act directly and in common on the orders of the "Long Firm Fraud King."

Night Hawks and their Prey

IS there a lull in the storm which the police brought about among the dope traffickers by the offensive directed against the drug traffic which followed the revelations we made in this journal?

It is true that during the last few months many conspicuous harpies and parasites were rounded up and sent to jail. But it is no use if the police are not going to carry on the work of crushing one of the greatest menaces that ever confronted the welfare of the people of this country.

In Limehouse, gambling is still carried on nightly and dope is passed to agents from behind the shuttered windows and the bolted doors.

Women, degraded by the basest immorality, who were recently torn away from one of the most notorious drug traffickers in the world through her prosecution and conviction, are carrying the dope for the man who lives profitably on the vile trade.

There are about a score of them—white girls who, debased and degraded by the effects of drugs, care not whether they consort with niggers

or Chinamen so long as their wants are supplied.

They travel between the West End of London and Limehouse and meet nightly in a public-house off Shaftesbury Avenue. Our Special Commissioner talked to some of them there a few nights ago and learned their latest dodge.

They work with other women who are the agents of the West End dope traffickers who supply the drug to the addicts. They meet in ladies' cloakrooms and hand over their supplies in exchange for money without detection.

One of their new methods, devised to trick the police, is to hand the drug on to "beggars" who sell matches in the streets.

Most of the boxes they carry contain matches, but a certain number contain "snow." It is these which are handed over to agents of the drug traffickers who approach the bogus matchseller as though making a legitimate purchase.

There is a man going about the West End of London who lives

at Hampstead and who walks on crutches. He is really quite rich. He is not a cripple—he is merely a dope peddler for the gang.

There is a house in Charlotte Street where a woman associating with a negro makes a profitable living by passing dope.

She goes with him to Limehouse and while he visits an institute for coloured men in that neighbourhood, she gets the dope for him from a white girl living with a Chinaman in Limehouse Causeway.

The articles which have appeared in this journal on the dope traffic are acknowledged by the police as being accurate and well-informed. Police officers have praised us on our revelations which they acknowledge have resulted in convictions. We are gratified. But we are determined that the whole traffic must be killed. So far it has only been scotched.

The great force of publicity can accomplish much. We shall not rest until this despicable trade has been wiped out.

Bookies on Our Black List

HUMANITY has always the desire to get something for nothing. But what misguided optimists we are to think we can get it from the bookmakers! The racing season has again brought out the turf wolves.

EVERY year, soon after the commencement of the flat-racing season, we are deluged with complaints regarding twisters of the turf. There are old offenders whose names crop up each season with monotonous persistence; there are new names which, in all probability, only serve to conceal the identity of old offenders.

There are tipsters who invite the public to pay them for "exclusive information" which should enable anyone to get rich quick by backing mysterious horses which they have not the pluck or the money to back for themselves.

Then there are the enthusiasts who profess to have made a close study of the fluctuations of averages, and offer to sell infallible systems which should make it easy to accumulate a fortune.

There are bookmakers who appear anxious to accept any and every wager, whatever the odds, but who pocket all the punter's losses and never pay him his winnings.

There are individuals and firms which combine all three functions, tipping, system-mongering and book-making, but notwithstanding the profound knowledge of racing affairs which must be necessary to sustain such a triple role, they are never in a position to pay out.

Thousands of sheep must have been fleeced by a concern called "The Collins Syndicate," of 24 and 26, Bishops Road, Fulham, London, S.W. This business, which has been exposed many times during the last ten years or so, seems to continue to thrive and wax fat.

A single instance recently brought to our notice will suffice to illustrate the method employed by this disreputable firm. The "Syndicate,"

which really consists of a discredited individual named Harry Weston, though the name of H. S. Thompson is used on the notepaper, advertises a system called "Theory and Method," whereby anyone with capital to spare is promised an easy road to riches.

If this should not prove attractive enough, another system, "The Mystic Method," is submitted for consideration. The latter is obviously designed to appeal to the superstitious, and is embellished with a picture of a wicked-looking old wizard, accompanied by a black cat.

A reader who paid six guineas for "Theory and Method" found that the syndicate was as obliging as to be willing, nay even anxious, to work it on his behalf. They were so cocksure regarding the infallibility of the system that they guaranteed him against loss.

He sent them £25 capital. The first week he won £5 8s. 3d., and a cheque for that amount was sent to him, with a letter urging him to increase his capital to £50 so as to enable the system to be worked with double stakes.

He sent them another £25, but when their cheque was presented the bank returned it marked "R.D.," which was not surprising, seeing that Harry Weston had made tracks for Monte Carlo, withdrawing practically all available funds from the bank.

After considerable delay and reference of the matter to the police, this cheque was eventually met. Then the system went wrong, or, at least, the syndicate worked it in such a manner that they presented an account showing a debit balance, whereas, had it been worked according to instructions, he would have been £28 to the good.

In reply to his remonstrances, the

syndicate blandly informed him that they were willing to admit his claim, but had no money with which to meet it, and had decided to abandon operating the system.

At the same time they were sending out circulars inviting purchasers of the system to subscribe capital with which they would undertake to work it!

There is a bookmaker at Brighton who has adopted the attractive but entirely illusory telegraphic address of "Quids, Hove." His name is H. Goodson, his address Melville Lodge, Melville Road, Hove. He accepted payment for a series of losing wagers from a reader; but as soon as a winner came along he became dumb.

Another Sussex shuffler is Bert Russell, of 60, Ship Street, Brighton, who accepted all a client's losses, but when a lucky win showed a credit balance of over £70, obtained dismissal of an action brought to recover the amount on the ground that the claim was barred by the Gaming Act.

Robert Bird, of 34, Langham Street, London, W., appears to be absolutely hopeless. We have had to utilise a special file to contain all complaints against him.

Throughout the country, from John o' Groat's to Land's End, he appears to owe money to backers, but whether the amount due is large or small, he turns a deaf ear to demands for payment.

Until the Government recognises that gambling is an ingrained habit in the national disposition which is well-nigh ineradicable, and makes it possible to recover gaming debts through the ordinary process of the law, we fear the sheep will continue to be fleeced.

The Baronet Booze King

WE are not disposed to regard any too seriously the degree of nobility of character attaching to the rank of baronet, seeing that the order was originally instituted in a cynically commercial spirit to raise money for James I., who sold the title to anyone who cared to pay a thousand guineas for it.

Yet there are some things which the code of honour of even so minor a lordling should restrain him from doing.

Sir Brodrick Cecil Denham Arkwright Hartwell, the fourth baronet of his line, for instance, can scarcely imagine that his now notorious association with the shady business of supplying booze to Yankees who crave alcohol redounds much to his credit, however profitable it may prove to his pocket.

In his latest circular, issued from Yeoman House, Haymarket, London, S.W., he recounts how, in August, 1923, on a proposal from a powerful group of Americans, he invited the public to contribute capital for the purchase of liquor for export to a rendezvous twenty miles off the U.S.A. coast, where his rum-running friends had contracted to take it over, and declares that he has now made four such shipments which have enabled him to repay the capital contributed together with a bonus of 20 per cent.

Inviting the subscription of capital for a fifth shipment, he states that, owing to the exceptional quality of his goods, which bear his special label, he has secured better terms for future consignments, and is now in a position to offer a bonus of 25 per cent.

The baronet turned booze king is at great pains to convince possible contributors of capital that the export of whisky from Great Britain is perfectly legal. It is no doubt very necessary to allay the qualms of conscience of people who have no titles. He even bursts forth into shoddy patriotic grandiloquence, and exclaims, "It helps British trade, increases employment and swells the National Revenue."

Fine words, but Sir Brodrick Hartwell knows that the methods by which these shipments of liquor are arranged are those of a profiteer, rather than an English gentleman of title.

The whisky can only be obtained from bonded stores at 45s. or 50s. a case against shipping documents, and in view of the agreement arrived at between Great Britain and the United States, the export would not be permitted if the stuff were openly consigned to America.

It has to be sent to some European port, and the deposit of £5 a case, representing the duty, which has to be paid on shipment, is not refunded until a certificate of landing there is produced.

When this has been done, the booze is reshipped and carried to the Yanks.

What a miserable subterfuge!

See-Saw Justice

MAGISTRATES who deal sternly and effectively with cases of cruelty to animals command the unstinted and grateful approval of the public. But it sometimes happens that their indignation carries them to a point where their sense of justice seems to lose its balance.

Harry Thompson, at Bowden Close Colliery, near Bishop Auckland, was recently fined £3 and costs for cruelty to a pony. The evidence was that while working underground he lost his temper with the pony who was dragging a tub which had come off the rails.

Cruelty to a horse above ground, in the open daylight, where people who see it can protest, is bad enough. But to torture one of these poor blind ponies, who spend their lives underground in the service of man, is surely the last word in cruelty.

Evidence was given that Thompson thrashed the pony with a pick, and the animal was found to be bleeding fairly heavily from two punctured

wounds. Thompson pleaded guilty, said he lost his temper and, as it was his first offence, was let off with a fine.

Last week Edgar Stokes, 29, Chester Road, Blackpool, was summoned for ill-treating a horse. The evidence was that he approached it with a bucket and then kicked it on the nose. The horse ran away. He caught it and struck it about the body with the loose ends of a chain. He had previously been fined £3 for a similar offence at Fleetwood, and £10 for a similar offence at Blackpool. He was now fined 20s. and costs!

These are cases where men deliberately and knowingly abused and degraded their manhood by ill-treating dumb animals. As we say, they were lightly punished.

Now a contrast. James Higgins, 34, Emmott Street, London, E., was charged with working a mare in an unfit state. He had never been in trouble before. His character was excellent. For years he carted

coke as a contractor for several well-known firms, and gave complete satisfaction. He had four horses of his own and hired two others.

He had bought the mare in question three weeks before the case. It went lame. He sent for the veterinary surgeon who treated it. A few days later the "vet." saw it again and said that if the horse were treated for a few days longer it should be all right.

It was so treated and was apparently all right. But the first day it went out it fell, and the driver was arrested for working it in an unfit state.

It was a first offence, a good and reasonable defence was put in, for the owner was not present when the horse fell. But he was not let off with a fine. He was sent to jail for a fortnight.

His business is ruined, his other horses have been sold to save the business, but in vain. He must read with amazement how other men are let off with fines.

Pests of the Market-place

CLEMENT HUMPHREY has a heart and a soul as black as his skin, and he richly deserved the five years' penal servitude awarded him at Manchester last week; but we are left wondering what ought to be the punishment of those guardians of public order and decency who give such scoundrels the latitude necessary for carrying on their infamies.

By profession Humphrey was a quack who, in the market-places of our great towns, publicly claimed healing powers with the crudeness of the witch doctors from his native islands. He found many gullible folk who were willing to pay him fees and submit to his ministrations, though as a matter of fact he had not even elementary skill in medicine or surgery.

But there was an even more infamous "sideline" to this man's vile business, for he used his position as a market-place charlatan to get into touch with credulous white girls and women, and no fewer than seven unmarried girls allege him to be the father of the half-caste children they brought into the world, while one married woman recently obtained a paternity order against him in respect to another.

And not so very long ago he was convicted for an offence against a young girl in the Midlands.

The astounding thing about the case is that no one thought of returning him to his own country, or of taking any special measure to prevent him renewing his career as a rogue in the market-places and fairs of Britain.

From prison he went to his old haunts, and on the strength of his extravagant claims had built up a profitable business, finding time for his lustful amours at the expense of innocent girls who fell into his clutches when they consulted him in the belief that he was a "Divine Healer" endowed with marvellous gifts by the Creator.

Humphrey is not the only pest of this nature, for there are many, both black and white, to be heard holding forth nightly throughout the country with police listening to claims known to be fraudulent. In fact the quack eye specialist, dentist, and doctor finds the market-place an excellent business ground.

The man Williams, the horrible cancer quack, who was sent to a madhouse as the sequel to our exposure of his methods, used public places in the same way, as did the African native who carried on the business of eye specialist in different names in the Yorkshire district and found himself ultimately in prison for claiming to restore sight to the blind.

The extent to which rogues of this sort flourish is well known to the police, but they say they have no power to stop them reaching the public in this way.

What has the Home Secretary to say to the matter?

A Father's Vile Treachery

MR. JAMES BROWN, a working miner, reigns at Holyrood Palace representing the King in Scotland. We appeal to him to exercise the Royal influence in a matter which, though somewhat outside his immediate functions, will command his sympathy.

WE ask the High Commissioner for Scotland to do what is in his power for one who languishes in a Scottish prison, the victim of the most appalling and cruel and tragic fate that could befall any man.

For this man we have already urged clemency; but red tape is sometimes stronger than iron bars. Officialdom cannot allow its complicated tangle of rules to show mercy.

That was the difficulty in the Ivy Cusden case. We appealed for mercy for this young girl, also a victim of tragic circumstances, so that the child that was the result of her betrayal should not be born in jail. Our appeal was backed by fifty thousand signatures to a petition, but the Home Office could find no rule to save an innocent child from the stigma of being born a jail-bird.

We believe that the brave miner and his wife, who now stand in Scotland for the King and Queen, may perhaps regard the technical regulations with less paralysing awe than ordinary officials. We believe that they would rather authorise the breaking of regulations than be responsible for the breaking of hearts.

Robert Green ought not to be in jail. If ever there was a case for purely a nominal sentence, surely it is his. He had suffered the most dreadful wrong which can be inflicted upon anyone. His wife had been betrayed, and betrayed by his own father—treachery most foul. The betrayal took place while Robert Green was away serving his King and Country.

He came back to the home that had been destroyed and poisoned by the

inhuman wretch he called his father. He sought to save his wife from the unnatural alliance. He failed.

The authorities had been informed of the terrible scandal that had shocked the little Border village of Ednam, near Kelso. On behalf of the absent soldier they intervened and warned the woman to leave her callous paramour. But they did not insist upon it. Had they done so Robert Green would never have stood in the dock charged with the murder of his own father.

Late one night Robert Green came home to his father's cottage. His wife and father were there alone. Angry and bitter words led to struggle, in which the father was struck a blow that led to his death.

At the trial, Green, who was himself wounded in the throat by a razor in the struggle, said that he struck the blow in self-defence and that, although it was his own father who was killed, the circumstances robbed him of the terrible remorse that would have been his had things been otherwise. "I feel," he said, "that I have done no wrong."

The judge who tried him had, of course, to vindicate the law; but he expressed his wonder—other people might have said indignation—that the authorities had not stopped the illicit intercourse that led to the crime when it was brought to their notice.

He spoke of Green's irreproachable character, of his good service to his country, and described him as no ordinary criminal. But a judge cannot give extraordinary treatment for a man because he is no ordinary criminal. Sentence of eighteen months was passed.

Even now no earthly power can

mitigate the terrible sufferings through which this unhappy and tragic figure has passed. At one time in his despair he sought, by his own act, to leave the world that had become for him a hell of suffering and agony.

We have some letters written by him to his brother, Andrew, from the prison in Edinburgh. In one letter poor Green quotes:

How small of all that human hearts endure

The part which Kings or laws can cause or cure.

We trust that His Grace, Mr. James Brown, will show this unhappy prisoner a higher consolation than the poet could afford him.

He can look nowhere else for help. His family are poor working people overwhelmed by the same tragedy that struck him down. He has a brother who lives in London, and follows the calling of a hairdresser.

This brother raised all the money he could to assist Robert Green in his trial. He borrowed it from his friends who, like himself, are poor men. He is struggling now to pay the money back, not because they want it paid back, but because he knows they need it.

It is a hard struggle. A working hairdresser does not earn great sums of money. This poor fellow is only an assistant hairdresser, because he has just one arm. He lost the other fighting for his country.

Robert Green was sent to jail to vindicate the law. In the name of the Higher Law of mercy and pity, we beg that his broken life may be given back to him in the sunshine of liberty that was his before tragedy darkened his path.

Nemesis Overtakes Us!

A SHOCKING tragedy has occurred in the office of JOHN BULL. Our Editor is no longer his usual unruffled self. Our solicitor is dejected and sad. Our Special Commissioner looks anxious and worried.

This is how it all came about. A fortnight ago we criticised a concern called the National Publishing and Associated Organisations, Limited, of 130, High Street, Whitechapel, and 70, Victoria Street, London.

We said that this company was inducing people to invest sums of £150 and £200 in return for which an agency was allotted to them to manage, and pointed out that it was taking five-pound notes from disabled soldiers as security against samples of its "handicraft."

Incidentally—the story wouldn't have been worth telling without this piece of information—we stated that the concern was another venture of a notorious person named Anthony John Chalmers (present) alias Edwin Riley Bashame (past), whose methods of business have always been ex-

tremely shady and once resulted in his getting a well-deserved term of imprisonment for fraud in the somewhat aristocratic name of Barrington.

Among the people who called upon us as the result of our revelations was a handsome young woman who, signing her name in our register as "Miss V. Clarke, May Street, West Kensington," mournfully told our Special Commissioner that her brother was an investor to the extent of £200 in the concern. Naturally our exposure had come as a great shock to him.

She begged our advice. Then, all condescension, she began asking rather pertinent questions. She wanted to know, for instance, exactly what we knew about Mr. Bashame, how many letters we had received in respect to his latest venture, whether we knew if the police were making enquiries; and, if possible, could we give her the names and addresses of any people whose cases might induce her brother to believe that the business was a fraud. "He is so sure it is genuine," she

said. "Even your article has not altered his view!"

Our Special Commissioner parted with the lady by telling her as politely as he could that the best thing for her to do would be to get her brother to come here himself for advice. Then he timidly approached our solicitor and told him that he might expect trouble from the somewhat daring audacious Chalmers, alias Barrington, alias Bashame, who apparently had sent the lady along to find out "how the land lay," for she later returned to the office and handed us a writ for libel which was accepted with many gracious thanks.

And the tragedy? It is that we fear we shall never get Mr. Chalmers into court, as it is one of his pleasures in life to serve writs on people which are never followed by the threatened proceedings. Some months ago we referred to his activities in another direction, and were favoured with a writ. Now we have our second.

We repeat what we said on the first occasion—we shall be pleased to meet this person in a court of law.

THE HUMAN RABBIT

by PROFESSOR A. M. LOW, A.C.G.I., D.Sc.

(The brilliant Scientist).

WE are breeding more degenerates than any civilisation can stand, says the writer in this powerful article. What is needed to save civilisation from ultimate death is universal knowledge of the science of contraception, so that the inferior class can restrict its productivity. As the position stands at the moment, birth control might contribute to the threat against humanity.

THERE is every reason to suppose that we are reaching a turning-point in our civilisation, and that a few more centuries will see this phase entombed with the corpses of others. For the strength of any civilisation is in quality; not in quantity, and as every year now brings increasing solicitude for the unfit, it might appear that the process of decay had already set in.

The fact is we are breeding infinitely more degenerates than any civilisation can stand. Medical science has so improved that it has checked the death-rate—fewer people die now than a century ago. This is good, providing that the people who are preserved are of good quality. Unfortunately they are not.

Statisticians have now been able to accurately determine the point at which a nation can just maintain itself by reproduction; an average of three children must result from every marriage if the present nations of the civilised world are to reproduce themselves and so perpetuate our civilisation. Let us analyse the productivity of the world in relation to that figure.

IN Europe the class whose mental superiority is still inevitable by the law of heredity averages two or three children per marriage. The mediocre class (the classification is obvious) average four to five, and the inferior class as many as six to seven children per marriage.

This shows that many more feeble-minded, insane, epileptic and other mental, moral and physical defectives are being born than the real "quality class," which ensures the progress of any civilisation.

Before the war, the French sociologist Bertillon proved that in Berlin and Paris the births in the slum quarters were nearly four times as many as in the best residential districts; in London they were nearly three times as many. These percentages have been increased since the war by the introduction of contraceptive methods, so that now the position is that the birth-rate is very high in those sections of the community (the feeble-minded, insane and degenerates) whose intelligence is of the lowest type.

IF we are producing, without correction, more defectives than first-class children, the former will gain hand over fist until they swamp the latter. Without increased and very specialised education this can only mean for our modern civilisation what it meant for the Athenians, the Babylonians and the Romans—moral decay and perhaps extermination.

What has to be kept well in mind, too, is the established fact that social degeneracy (under which term I am grouping all the social failures of the feeble-minded, insane and other defectives) is not merely the outcome of environment, but of sexual heredity. Degeneracy all too often is inborn. Not only is it bred into the child, but it is passed from child to child for many generations.

Feeble-mindedness, for instance, is highly hereditary, and this is aggravated by the fact that feeble-minded persons usually breed rapidly and without the capacity to pay any regard to the consequences. As a most suggestive case of heredity and feeble-mindedness let me mention a study of what we will term the "Kallikak" family.

"**KALLIKAK**" was a young officer of very good stock, being a first-class offspring. He had intercourse with a feeble-minded servant girl during the revolutionary war in America, and by this girl he had a son.

Some years later "Kallikak" married a woman of equally good stock with himself and by her had several legitimate children, all of whom turned out well and founded one of the most distinguished families in New Jersey. There have been no illegitimate children in that family, no immoral women, and of all the descendants only one man was sexually loose.

WHAT of "Kallikak's" son by the feeble-minded servant girl? Of that unfortunate child's descendants 479 have been traced: 143 unquestionably feeble-minded, 35 illegitimate, 33 grossly immoral (mainly prostitutes), 24 confirmed drunkards, 3 epileptics, 82 died in infancy, 3 criminals and 8 kept houses of illfame.

This is obvious proof of the sinister streak that heredity can leave on posterity. Let me quote one more analysis—of a degenerate whom we will call "Juke."

This man, a lazy, low-minded vagabond, was born in 1720, and by 1877 there had been six generations, numbering in all about 1,200 persons. "Juke's" two sons married five degenerate sisters and among their descendants was included every grade of viciousness, pauperism, idiocy, criminality and insanity.

Of the total offspring 300 died in infancy, by the merciful corrective method of Nature, 310 were confirmed paupers being kept in almshouses for a total number of 2,300 years, 440 were physical wrecks as a result of their diseased wickedness; more than half the women fell into

prostitution, 130 were convicted criminals, 60 were thieves, 7 were murderers, only twenty learned a trade, and ten of these learned their trade in prison!

Altogether the cost to the State of "Juke's" offspring was £312,500 up to 1870; by 1915 the family had reached its ninth generation, numbering 2,820 persons, and had cost the State £625,000.

OUR defective classes in this civilisation are increasing. As conditions are, they must. What if the intelligent classes should dwindle lower and lower, their places being taken by paupers, tramps, criminals, prostitutes, inebriates, drug addicts, insane and feeble-minded?

Add to these social failures the "won't works" and the inefficient and the social misfits; there becomes a vast hoard of inherited degeneracy increasing generation after generation, tainting and ruining good family-stocks, increasing heavy social burdens and destroying the fabric of our civilisation.

There are two ways of dealing with these congenital inferiors—but there is only one way of saving civilisation. We can deal with the problem by the State accepting the care of our social failures—by covering the extent and rapidity of its growth by soothing draughts of public charity. Or we can deal with the problem at its source by damming the tide of defectives.

Something more than the present discriminating form of birth control is needed. As the position stands at this moment, birth control might contribute to this threat against civilisation. The scientific knowledge of contraceptive methods has been almost the monopoly of the superior class: they make constant use of their knowledge with the result that the very class that is necessary to our existence is decimated. The inferior class, in their ignorance, reproduce their inferior stock with dreadful rapidity.

WHAT is needed to save civilisation from ultimate death is universal knowledge of the science of contraception, so that the inferior class can restrict its productivity. Further, an alteration in the economic system of life is necessary so that the superior class can afford families of an average of four children. This may involve a form of motherhood endowment for approved stock, but is this worse than the dole?

In the case of the existing feeble-minded and congenital defectives for whom there is no cure, I boldly urge the assistance of Nature by teaching, or even by sterilisation. The power to reproduce its sinister species is too dangerous to the future



Professor A. M. Low.

of our civilisation for the urgings of sickly sentiment to be allowed to carry any weight.

It is the power to think that can eventually save us, by the production of a mental aristocracy, and if we shrink from any attempt to say "You are justified in the production of children"—and to another "You are not"—let us at least have some courage.

CVILISATION is the growth of individual liberty. Men have with chivalrous intent handed the sceptre of power to their womenfolk. The fact alone, that to-day women can stray from the path of chastity with seeming impunity should mean that happy marriage must be based on mutual trust.

Let men who have been unfaithful during, perhaps, long absence from a home (none the less truly beloved) remember that they have broken their marriage vows, and that the only basis for a continuance of a happy home life is mutual affection.

BRTAIN and America, the two great countries of charity, may realise that by helping the unfit we help ourselves, but by allowing them to perish we are merely brutalised.

Education is accomplishing miracles. Here, now in Britain, there is a beginning. Many a man realises he must not have children. The poor are learning that they must not have too many children, they are learning self-control, not mere correction of bodily prostitution.

There is then the choice before us: Enlightenment, Sterilisation, Extinction. You must choose.

A. M. Low

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

To Major ASTOR.
Printing House Square, E.C.

SIR,—From a man whose father England honoured by admitting to its citizenship a little gratitude might fittingly be expected. Yet you permit the *Times* to carry on a violent campaign of abuse and misrepresentation against the Anglo-Russian Conference. You must know that it is of vital importance to your country that this conference should reach a successful conclusion. Moreover, the most casual inquiries would show you the falsity of the legacy of hate you have inherited from your predecessor. For goodness' sake get the straws out of your hair and try to be British.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. VERNON B. HARTSHORN, M.P.,
Postmaster-General.

SIR,—Most people are under the impression that when they buy stamps over the counter the man who serves them is well paid, the Government being a model employer. I draw your attention to the case of a full-time sorting clerk and telegraphist, a disabled ex-Service man, who is doing sorting, telegraphy, and counter work for 50s. a week. On this he supports his wife and family. Do you call this model employment? Other people call it a counter-offensive. Put it right. It is a blot on your department's escutcheon.

JOHN BULL.

To President COOLIDGE,
Washington.

SIR,—When his ship was sinking Captain Lawrence, of Cleveland, Ohio, refused to add his weight to the already crowded lifeboats, and sacrificed his life to give others a chance. As a maritime nation, the British people desire to salute this heroic example of the highest traditions of the sea, and to pay a tribute to a "very gallant gentleman."

JOHN BULL.

To A. W. H. PONSONBY, Esq., M.P.,
Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

SIR,—A coloured pest named Frederick Harris, who went to jail last week for robbery, was a shameless scoundrel who had no consideration for honour or morality, and was responsible for much sorrow and suffering. He is safe behind prison bars, but there are hundreds like him who do no real work but live easily by battenning on the poor unfortunate girls who fall into their hands. We do not want these blackguards here, and I appeal to you to do something to stop their appalling degradation and profitable exploitation of our womanhood.

JOHN BULL.

To ARCHIBALD H. CAMPBELL, Esq.,
Chairman, Stock Exchange Committee.

SIR,—For some time I have been urging the authorities to put an end to the "outside broker" ramp, and I am addressing you in the hope that you may consider the possibility of doing what you can to stop a naked and impudent swindle which disgraces the trade and commerce of Britain. It is true that there are some respectable firms in the business, but many shady share-dealing firms operate all over the country. It is high time effective steps were taken to jail the bucketeers.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. SIDNEY WEBB, M.P.,
President, Board of Trade.

SIR,—It is a good thing to set up a committee to enquire into our trade, but the usual fate of committee reports is to be pigeon-holed—and forgotten. In the meantime, take Sir Arthur Balfour's tip. What we need is cheaper food. It comes into the country cheap enough, but is dear by the time it reaches the consumer. Find out why. Also organise a big production push, as was done in the war. Don't blame workers or employers, get them together, each vying with the other to do their best. That will save the country—and the pigeon-hole will not matter.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir ARBUTHNOT LANE,
21, Cavendish Square, W.1.

SIR,—You tell us, with the best intentions in the world, that cancer is no secret, but merely a question of what people eat, and add that there are five million cancer patients in Great Britain. Why not tell us what to eat and what not to eat, and so make science really useful in banishing this appalling scourge? What nobler ambition can there be than to save the poor and helpless from so terrible a penalty for ignorance?

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. DONALD T. HEAYSMAN,
36, Dean Street, Soho.

SIR,—It is useless for you to call at this office as you did the other day. If you have anything to say as to our recent criticism of your flat-catching activities you had better write. Another black mark is added to your record by your plea of infancy to a claim against you in Lambeth County Court for £39 for which you gave an I O U. I agree with the judge that the plaintiff, not aware of your age at the time, was badly let down. You are over age now, so—be careful.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir HERBERT WALKER, K.C.B.,
General Manager, The Southern Railway.

SIR,—You are enterprising enough to issue special day excursions at reduced fares on your line. On the back of the ticket you print a condition that the company will not be responsible for personal injury to the holder, however caused. That really means that if a passenger is killed you evade responsibility because, to fill empty trains, you are carrying him at the price you yourself fix. It seems mean to ask a man to risk his neck, at cheap rates to you, as well as to him. Cut out this shabby condition.

JOHN BULL.

To Viscount CURZON, M.P.,
House of Commons.

SIR,—You are another of that increasing band of politicians who mistake moral censorship for the function of good Government. I dislike exceedingly your attempt to give magistrates the power to decide what newspapers may print. The very proper reply of the Attorney-General that his powers are already ample and need no further strengthening was a well-deserved snub. Believe me, there is rapidly growing up a vast body of public opinion that is bitterly resentful against these perpetual attempts to wet nurse and muzzle the people.

JOHN BULL.

To the CHIEF CONSTABLE,
Southend.

SIR,—Because a Westcliff jeweller dared to instal four loud speakers outside his shop to transmit the King's Empire Exhibition Speech you haled him before the Bench and charged him with obstruction. Seeing that similar "obstruction" was permitted on that occasion in every town in the country, the Bench very properly dismissed the case. I hope you felt small. I have yet to learn that it is any part of your duties to prevent the people of Southend hearing the voice of their King. It would have done you good to listen to that speech yourself.

JOHN BULL.

To Judge HERBERT SMITH,
Norwich County Court.

YOUR HONOUR,—You at least talk sense on the housing shortage. Alfred Brewster, who owns twenty-two houses in Norwich, sued an ex-Service man for £16 rent. You learned that he had quadrupled the rent of the house as soon as it was decontrolled, and you ordered the ex-soldier to pay—at the rate of one penny a month. It will take Brewster quarter of a century to get his money. Serve him right. When Shylock came before an equally good judge he exclaimed, "A Daniel come to judgment!" So do we.

JOHN BULL.



THE NEVER-STOP RAILWAY.

Without Fear or Favour

DEATH FOR SALE

Missing Homes

THE housing problem remains—a problem. All sorts of airy talk is current. Plans for building 2,500,000 houses in fifteen years sounds well off the lips of Cabinet Ministers. But they are difficult to reduce to a practical basis.

The rampant evils to which we have insistently directed public attention are still unchecked. What is the use of these pious professions on the part of the Government, while any man over twenty, who desires to enter the building trade, is regarded as an interloper and his willingness to work considered an offence in the eyes of the great trade unions! We may also ask, What single practical step has the Government taken to smash the building rings?

These are practical questions. They go to the root of the matter. If Mr. Wheatley really means business he can give such an impetus to the housing problem that we need never look back till the British people are furnished, not perhaps with "homes for heroes," but, at any rate, with decent shelters for human beings.

In no direction has the public been more disappointed with the present Labour Government than in regard to housing. Its promises were so immense: the net outcome has been so small.

In short, nothing has been done and everything remains to do. If by any chance Mr. Ramsay MacDonald were forced soon to appeal to the country, his housing record would certainly be his last recommendation to public favour.

Dabblers in Drugs

THE Dangerous Drugs Act passed by the last Government owed its inception largely to JOHN BULL. So many were the painful cases brought to our notice that we fought week by week for the recognition by the State of the soul-destroying qualities of certain compounds readily obtainable at chemists' shops.

It seems, however, that the net has not been cast wide enough. Only this week we are in receipt of a heart-breaking letter from an ex-soldier's wife who tells us of a husband's losing battle with the chlorodyne habit.

Why ban cocaine and leave chlorodyne free? Is it beyond the authorities to place an embargo upon all such drugs?

It was several years before cocaine, largely at our instigation, was added to the list of pernicious drugs. It is obvious that the category of proscription must be extended, unless we are content to recognise self-poisoning as a normal feature of everyday life.

Forestall the War Mongers!

THE world's conscience has gone to sleep. The great invention by Mr. Grindell-Matthews is talked of only as a Ray of Death, and its potentialities as a Ray of Life and Hope are being overlooked.

WHAT of the famous Death Ray? We were the first among British journals to call attention to the dire potentialities revealed in Mr. H. Grindell-Matthews' discovery. We opened our columns to him in order that the full extent of this grim menace might be known.

Our position is clear. We are realists; we believe in facing things as they are. When death stalks abroad we like to see it, that we may shun it. The peril that walks at noon-day is one we may avoid.

From all we have heard of Mr. H. Grindell-Matthews' discovery we are deeply impressed by it. It is no exaggeration to say that in a test-tube he carries the fate of humanity. If he were a rich man he might afford to be a philanthropist. Possibly he might lend his brains to the League of Nations.

But he is not a rich man and cannot, therefore, afford to indulge in high ideals. The sad truth is that the inventor of this terrible weapon of destruction has had to put it up to auction. France, just now, is the principal bidder. Bigger prices are payable in France for the engines of destruction than are available in any other European country. We make no comment; there is the fact.

Yet, outside France, and even outside Europe, men and women are trying to live in peace and comfort on this planet. They cannot be indifferent to this epoch-making discovery.

IT comes to this: either we must capture this great scientific discovery for the ends of health and life or allow it to be used for the purposes of death and destruction. Either it is a "Death Ray" or it is a "Life Ray." Such are the wonderful potentialities of science, it may be the one or the other. The ray may kill, or it may make alive.

It may kill wisely and well. The war least worth having is the war on human beings. There are so many devouring pests to be destroyed. The "Death Ray" is destructive of every form of animal life. Why not set it to work on the rats in the Port of London? Why not let it loose on the rabbit pest in Australia? Have our scientists never heard of the locust peril in Mesopotamia and other districts of the Middle East?

Cannot the "Ray of Death" be employed with advantage against these pests of humanity without waiting for the fatal moment which may explode its terrors against the sons of men?

In days long before he attained to Cabinet rank, Mr. Philip Snowden won golden opinions by his resolute advocacy of making illegal private property in the means of destruction. Here is his chance. The "Ray of Death" must be captured and brought to earth, harnessed for the needs of humanity, not for its ills.

THIS great discovery can either be a bane or a blessing. It emanates from the brain of man, and in the course of its earthly transit may spread either bloom or blight. It is no good turning up the whites of our eyes, and, as the Irishman said, "Leaving it to God." If we mean to prevent hell coming upon earth, as it did ten years ago, we must be up and doing.

We must see to it that "Rays of Death" are not left lying about to be the sport of commerce in a world whose conscience has gone to sleep.

An All-Red Rout!

CERTAIN morning newspapers have been trying to make us shiver with their reports of the Great Red Conference. We decline to be frightened. It is true that a handful of insignificant people have got together in Glasgow and have breathed threatenings and slaughter against all things British. What of it?

The Empire, as far as we can gather, still stands; the Straits of Suez still greet the morning sun, and the Southern Ocean ripples to the eastern breeze. Upon the Seven Seas Britain still rides supreme. We are aware that this sort of thing makes the Communists look silly. They are as far off as ever they were from their dream of a little England, framed on a Russian model.

Those of them who ever honestly believed in a Soviet Republic have been to the Wembley Exhibition and come away with an open admiration for the British Empire. It is a great pity that some of our newspapers should take the Communists seriously. They do not deserve it.

There is, however, a danger in these full-page reports of these loud-mouthed vapourings which bear no real relation to everyday facts. The danger is lest an ignorant section of the public may take seriously what was never more than mere froth.

When the time comes, the British people will show their mettle. The tinsel of Communism is as remote from pure gold as is the gilt of a shoddy picture from the true genius of British political art.

Domestic Bliss

WHAT is the matter with domestic service? The fault at bottom is snobbishness, the prevalent feeling that a domestic servant is a person to be scoffed at as something outside the pale of social recognition. What nonsense it all is to be sure!

We have "maids-of-honour" to their Majesties, and "ladies-in-waiting" not only to the Queen but to Mrs. James Brown, of Holyrood. Why, therefore, need any girl be ashamed to wait honourably and in as ladylike a manner as possible upon Mr. and Mrs. Brown of Upper Tooting, or their equivalent elsewhere?

The lot of the average shop-girl or office "lady" is, in many cases, infinitely less preferable than that of the girl who does the household jobs for a respectable suburban family. Frequently, the domestic servant has the laugh on those others as is evident the moment she doffs her cap and apron for the tasteful outdoor garb her substantial wages now enable her to afford.



Rt. Hon. Thomas Shaw, M.P.,
Minister of Labour, who should
give earnest attention to the
problem dealt with here.

The Alley of Despair

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.)

TO J. N., "a naval man on pension with time to devote to my boy's welfare," I offer my thanks for a letter admirably written and excellently expressed, in which he calls me over the coals for a statement in one of these weekly articles.

How this statement of mine must have made his blood boil! "Surely," I said, "a parent would see that his son is properly trained to earn a decent living." Easily the sentence slipped from my pen. Irresistible seemed to me its obvious logic. Never once did my mind suggest to me that I was overlooking one of the most appalling tragedies haunting the days and mocking the nights of the modern man.

LISTEN to the letter of J. N.:—"My lad is over sixteen years of age. I have taken him, week after week, and at intervals extending over a period of months, through the industrial districts of Portsmouth, with the view of his being apprenticed to some trade whereby he in the future would be able to be independent of casual labour.

"The result is nothing more substantial than 'No vacancy at present; but I'll take his name and address.'

"I have offered a premium; and to firms where premiums are not accepted I have offered anything up to the first twelve months for him to give his services without wages or recompense, with the same result. I have not the least doubt thousands of parents throughout the land have had similar experiences. Everywhere one inquires it is the same story. Work is so slack and so many youngsters' names are on the books; it is impossible for other than a small percentage to hope to learn a profession."

Dr. Edmund Gosse wrote a book some years ago called "Father and Son." It made a formidable impression. It still stands on the lower shelves of my library, and often I have taken it down to refresh my mind with some of its haunting pages. It is in the nature of a tragedy. The father is a man of science nursing in his troubled soul the dark and terrible theories of Calvinism; the son, who deeply loves him, is fired by the beauty and exaltation of great literature, and cannot remain in the religious prison-house of his father.

COMPARE that tragedy, so interesting to read about, so brilliantly and movingly treated by its writer, with this other tragedy of "Father and Son" dashed off by J.N. in a letter of indignant protest. Which is the greater tragedy of the two? The one lends itself to the highest kind of literature (Shakespeare might almost have made it the theme of a great play); the other—who could write a book, much less a play, on the dreary subject of a father tramping about the world in search of a job for his son? And yet, deeply pondered, which is the greater tragedy?

I confess that the thought of good and self-sacrificing fathers tramping from place to place in quest of work for their sons, while these sons, thousands of them, find that the world has no use for their strength and talents, even at the very

THE boys of to-day are marching straight into a dead wall. Unemployment is sending them to manhood with broken hearts and embittered minds—the manhood of the British nation! Who is there great enough to take upon his shoulders the burden of our youth? asks our contributor.

dawn of their manhood, strikes me as a tragedy of the most searching character—a tragedy that searches not only our feelings, but also the whole structure of our national existence. It may not lend itself to poetic treatment, but, by Heaven, it lends itself to vigorous political thinking.

THINK of this father's evident pride in his boy from the day on which the lad was born. It is plain from his letter that J. N. is a man of real quality who has taken every advantage of the opportunities provided by the modern Navy for a man to improve himself. He is no drunkard, no sloucher, no client of the street book-maker, no fool and no scoundrel. Such a man would be likely to see that his son had every chance and every encouragement to make good in all his studies and hobbies.

We may fairly imagine the pleasure of the father in the son's successes at school or in his cleverness with mechanical toys. We may confidently say that this sailor-man's home was a happy home, and such a home as makes a nation strong.

Then comes the time to launch the clever lad from that happy haven on the great unsheltered waters of the world, and the good father, anxious that no mistake shall be made, goes about that work himself. What an end to all his hopes and prayers and dreams! "No vacancy!" He offers money. "No vacancy!" He offers the lad's services for a whole year. "No vacancy!" Is it not enough to break his heart?

I could give a good reason for this state of things. I could show very easily that Labour itself is in no small degree responsible for the paralysis of our industries. But I want to dwell only on one thought, and to make that thought burn itself into the public mind; it is the thought of the dreadful harvest ahead of us—the harvest of unemployed British youth.

The tragedy of the father is bad enough; but what about the tragedy of the son? In that tragedy every one of us is involved. The boys of to-day are marching straight into a dead wall.

Their youth is not a wide and cheerful prospect of the world, but a stifling cul-de-sac. They are reaching manhood with broken hearts and embittered minds. They are forgetting what they learned at school and remembering only the dreariness and hopelessness of every yesterday in their young lives.

And to-morrow they will be the manhood of the British nation.

CANNOT we sink our party differences, forget the shibboleths in which we have been brought up and rouse our hearts and cudgel our brains to give these boys at least some semblance of a chance to show us what they can do in the marching ranks of the British nation?

Who is the Member of Parliament great enough to take upon his shoulders the burden of the youth of these islands, and to make himself their apostle until the State is awakened from its perilous drowse?

There is nothing so dangerous as class hatred; there is nothing so easily defeated.



The Duke of Westminster,
who has made a real gift to
the workers and homeless of
Britain.

His Grace (I use the title of courtesy because, in this case, it really means something), recognising the cruel handicap imposed on parents by the selfishness of landlords who "object to children," has specially stipulated that preference must be given to tenants with families.

Now that is noble. No vanity of birth, no foppishness of scarlet robes and ermine, ever conferred such honour on a man as this deed of splendid generosity. And if, in the cold statelessness of his princely palace at Chester, the Duke should sometimes miss such masterpieces of art as his world-renowned "Mrs. Siddons" or

IT is a treat in this time of class strife and bitterness to be able to record a noble act by a nobleman. The Duke of Westminster, who is selling his famous collection of paintings—presumably because he needs the money—has leased a valuable plot of land for 99 years at a nominal rent of £1 a year, on which the City of Westminster have built lodgment for 300 people; and

"The Blue Boy," I trust and believe that he may find warm comfort in the much more precious living faces of the children for whom he has provided homes in his people's mansions at Westminster.

In formally opening the building, Mr. Wheatley, the Socialist Minister of Health, who is one of the most red of red Clydesiders, was impelled to a warm outpouring of that sort of gratitude which has been defined as "a lively sense of favours to come." For he not only praised the ducal action, but commended it as an example to other great landowners; and it is by no means unreasonable to hope that this astute suggestion may strike root and fructify in these magnates' regard.

They may perceive that from the standpoint of mere political expediency the Duke's gift far outshines Mr. Lloyd George's grandiloquent rhapsodies on "Houses fit for Heroes" and "New Jerusalems," and that its general imitation would do more to sterilise our most prolific cause of social discontent than all the beautiful speeches of the gifted orators in the Westminster House of Prattlement. It is a fine thing to preach social service; but the Duke's way of doing it is ever so much more useful. And even from the lowest standpoint, that of selfish interest, it may be worth considering whether it is better to give than

What the Duke

Big Fleas and Little Fleas

by A. G. GARDINER

THE Insurance proposals of the Government would make us a nation of spongers, says A. G. G. The policy of doles converts the worker into a drone, and the Government's Bill seems deliberately calculated to make unemployment an industry to be practised by anybody who has a talent for malingering.



Mr. A. G. Gardiner, who pens a stern indictment of the Labour Government's dangerous and insane Insurance proposals.

MORE pernicious proposals than some of the new insurance plans of the Government have never been submitted to any legislative body. Whether they are put forward seriously or merely as a bid for the support of the most irresponsible part of the public, they are equally mischievous. If they represent all that Labour has to say about unemployment, that Party is not only a bankrupt but a fraudulent bankrupt, for in Opposition its complaint was that the Government had no remedy for industrial distress but doles, and now it proposes to carry the dole policy almost to the cradle.

Let us look at three of the proposals of the new Bill. That measure (1) gives unemployment benefit to children of fourteen; (2) gives workers the dole during a strike in their works if they are not themselves concerned in the strike; (3) provides uncovenanted benefit (that is, without regard to contributions) for fifty-two weeks a year as a legal right.

THESE are enough to indicate the character of this impudent measure. In regard to the proposal to give unemployment benefit to children of fourteen, the comment that has to be made is that children of fourteen ought to be at school. It is the plainest folly that, with unemployment rife, we should be sending hundreds of thousands of little boys and girls of fourteen out of the schools every year to make the struggle for employment harder. That we should send them on to the streets and start them with doles

straight away is surely the most insane idea ever conceived outside Bedlam. A Government which can solemnly put forward such an imbecility stands condemned of using the forms of Parliament for the basest motives.

Mr. Thomas Shaw does not believe that such a thing should be done. I say more. He knows it cannot be done. Why, then, has he proposed it? He thinks he can make the proposal safely because it is certain to be rejected, but he thinks also that his Party will get credit for having made it.

TURN to No. 2. The object of national insurance is to provide against unavoidable unemployment. The effect of this proposed amendment is to increase unemployment. It is designed to make strikes easy and endow them with public money. The right of labour to strike is inalienable, but it is to the public interest that it should be exercised wisely and responsibly. The only security against reckless resort to industrial war is that in the case of failure the loss is borne by the side which is beaten. If the employer loses he pays the bill; if labour loses it pays the bill.

That protection is to be withdrawn. The electricians, say, may strike for a trivial cause and throw hundreds of thousands of workmen out of employment, and the loss will fall, not on the unions, but on the ratepayer and the taxpayer. If such a monstrous idea were adopted the industry of the country would be at the mercy of any trade union secretary.

As to No. 3, it is the barefaced conversion of insurance into outdoor relief. It would make the whole idea of thrift irrelevant and State relief a recognised calling. What would be the necessity of anybody taking measures for his own security when he could take shelter under the taxpayers' umbrella?

This is the very midsummer madness of Socialism. If there is one point on which all responsible opinion is agreed, it is that the dole system is an unmitigated evil. It was adopted at the end of the war as a desperate necessity in unprecedented and abnormal circumstances. The vast change-over of the country from a war to a peace footing created a situation in which expedients, however undesirable, had to be adopted.

But no sane person supposes that a sound society or a vigorous industrialism can exist on a basis of doles. Doles as a policy would ruin this Empire as certainly as they ruined the Roman Empire. They are the most corrupting influence that can be brought to bear on a society. Few of us work for the love of work. Those who have interesting work may do so; but most of us have very uninteresting work. Show us a way of living without work, and we shall be very ready to adopt it. We shall not be morally better for being turned into idlers. We shall be morally worse, for without the discipline of work we should all degenerate.

I BELIEVE that the greatest asset of a people is its self-respect—what Burns called the glorious privilege of "being independent"; but what self-respect, what independence is possible to a man who has learned to look to the taxpayer for his means of livelihood? I do not care how heavily the rich or the well-to-do are taxed, within the limits of the well-being of the State, so long as the taxes are used for wise and re-productive purposes. If Mr. Tom Shaw, for example, asked us to tax ourselves to enable children to go to school till sixteen instead of being flung on the street at fourteen, we should applaud him as a wise man. We want educated children.

But to ask us to convert children of fourteen into the receivers of doles, to stab at the principle of thrift by giving any man the right to live on the public as a gentleman of leisure, is to corrupt the whole mind of the nation. It is as economically mad as it is socially wrong.

WHAT society could endure on such a basis? We live and thrive by our mutual service. The fewer drones there are in our hive, the healthier is our common life. But the policy of doles converts the worker into a drone, and the Government's Bill seems deliberately calculated to make unemployment not an affliction to be got rid of at all costs, but an industry to be practised by anybody from fourteen upwards who has a talent for malingering and a plentiful lack of self-respect.

Let us have honest insurance against the risks of life, but do not let us become a nation of spongers.

Duke has Done

by ALEX. M. THOMPSON

to pay—more pleasant to be acclaimed as a public benefactor than derided as a grudging victim of heavy land taxation or capital levy.

But it is the big, generous, patriotic view that I would commend to the rich landowners. I know a man who served his country in the war and thus helped to save their property who is now living in cramped lodgings with his wife and children because his means won't allow him to pay the extortionate demands of profiteering houseowners. His landlord is a gentleman who was exempted from military service on physical grounds, but was well enough to secure some ten flats which he furnished with stuff bought cheaply from Belgian refugees, and from which he is now deriving an income of £20 a week.

That sort of thing is galling to the men who gave their all for their country's cause. Thousands of them can get neither work nor houses. They are extremely angry, some of them wildly revolutionary. If a few hundreds of rich landowners voluntarily imitated the example of the Duke of Westminster, they would do more to allay dangerous discontent and defeat the preachers of class-war than the Government will ever achieve by costly building schemes and increased taxes.

It is the spirit that matters. To revive the spirit of the trenches for a common effort in the

nation's cause, we need a thousand patriotic imitators of the Duke of Westminster. And we need very stern public censure of that contrary and abominable spirit which animated Judge Hargreaves, of the Bow County Court, when he told a poor woman with a baby in her arms and two tiny children clinging to her skirts that, unless she could find an alternative lodging to that required by her landlord, she must take her little family to the shelter of the workhouse. "You could easily get a place if you tried," was his easy, comfortable judgment of her pitiful plight.

The spirit of Judge Hargreaves' heartless answer to the poor woman is the spirit that makes Bolsheviks in England. That is the spirit which causes working men to distrust arbitration as a means of settling industrial disputes. How often have I been answered, in effect, when advocating peace by judicial methods, that "most of these lawyer chaps don't understand how working people live. They have no sympathy with the likes of us. They put on superior airs like schoolmasters talking to kids, and their one and only idea of giving us justice is to bully us."

The dogmatic impertinence of Sir Oracle Dogberry, alas, is a terrible stumbling-block to social reconciliation. The more reason to give careful thought to the Duke of Westminster's better way.



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SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

THERE are, roughly speaking, three types of Labour leaders. There is the moderate type, called by its opponents "safe," embodied by Mr. Clynes. There is the immoderate type, called by its opponents "red," embodied by Mr. Kirkwood. And there is Mr. Herbert Smith. He is the perfect embodiment of the third type.

It is a type difficult to define, yet known to all of us. It is not peculiar to the Labour Party. It is, unfortunately, the most common of all the types in every sphere of activity. Allowing for slight variations of a personal character, it includes the vast majority of mankind.

The curious thing is that politicians make a great pretence of admiring this type and modelling themselves upon it. They say, in effect: "We have no opinions of our own; we represent the opinions of our constituents." And the entire Party system flourishes on that pretence. Because a man is a Liberal, he follows the Liberal leader, right or wrong.

BRIEFLY, then, Mr. Herbert Smith is a flawless specimen of the man who doesn't know his own mind. He is at the mercy of every gust of popular feeling among his followers. One can never predict his actions. One can never be sure

that his views to-day will be his views of to-morrow. He halts for ever between two opinions—or two dozen opinions.

AMONG his confrères he has a great reputation for deep thinking. This is because he says very little; and as, when he speaks at all, he usually speaks at the wrong time, most people believe that he must be an exceptional man! His method of running a conference is ponderous and therefore impressive. He remains dramatically silent during long periods of heated debate. Then, during a pause that can be felt, he opens his mouth and "voices" the opinion of the majority. He summarises that opinion neatly, in a manner quite his own, with just sufficient variation to make it sound original. Whereupon the delegates murmur: "Ah, that's exactly what we wanted to say!"—forgetting in the excitement of the moment that, a minute ago, they gave him the cue to say it.

During a recent mining debate in the Commons he hardly moved a muscle. And at the conclusion of the proceedings he remained heavily silent. But that, as the Irish say, was "all a part"; and if, like a famous character in Dickens, he had suddenly come out with a comment such as "There's coal in the Yorkshire mines," it would, doubtless,



Mr.
Herbert
Smith

have been hailed as profound, if a trifle abstruse.

MR. SMITH is an adept at the noble sport of running with the hare and hunting with the hounds. But this is largely the business of a man in his position. If he wishes to retain his authority he must be willing to swing to extremes. To be able to do so, and not to lose caste in the process, shows talent.

His strength lies in the fact that he can be trusted never to give himself away. Indeed, he is so strong on the point that he won't even supply a friendly "Who's Who" with a brief outline of his career!

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

Trouble for Thomas

by HARRISON OWEN



ATTIRED in a court costume, J. H. Thomas, the Colonial Secretary, pleaded "Not guilty" to a charge of failing to take proper precautions to ensure the success of the British Empire Exhibition.

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., said that he proposed putting in as exhibits letters which had passed between Admiral Sir Guy Gaunt, president of the Fellowship of Freedom and Reform, and Lord Stevenson, chairman of the Exhibition Board. This correspondence would show that two facts which were admitted by the exhibition authorities were that Sunday opening would be of distinct financial benefit, and without it some 10,000,000 people were doomed never to see the exhibition.

"The position," said Mr. Watchdog, "is that we have brought the Dominions to Britain, but many thousands of British people can never go to the Dominions—even though this merely involves a journey to Wembley—because they are kept out of the exhibition on the only day on which they are free to visit it, lest its being open should offend a moth-

eaten minority whose seventh-day motto, "Thou shalt not smile" has been extended to embody the commands: "Neither shalt thou learn nor admire."

"Wembley, we were told, would strengthen the bonds of Empire; instead it is being used to strengthen the shackles of sabbatarianism. That Sunday opening is feasible was shown on Empire Sunday, when thousands attended the Stadium. If people are permitted to visit Wembley on Empire Sunday, why not on other Sundays? All that is required is prompt legislative action, and the man who ere this should have taken such action is the Colonial Secretary."

MR. STRAWSPLITTER, for the defence, said that the greatness of the Empire was founded on a belief in the sanctity of the Sabbath. Some of the overseas Dominions, unfortunately, had departed from the Cromwellian ideal, but now, while thousands of our Dominion brethren were in London, we had an unique opportunity of setting them an example in this respect. The soul of Britain was of more importance than the financial success of any exhibition and it was preferable that 10,000,000 British people should remain in ignorance of the wonders of

Wembley than that they should gain knowledge of them at the cost of wholesale sabbath desecration. "If the painfully self-righteous sentiments with which we have been favoured represent the views of the Colonial Secretary I can only describe them as 'Thomas' rot," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, after the jury had returned a verdict of "Guilty." There is evidently a determination that for millions the exhibition shall remain an unknown quantity. It is useless to urge the claims 'of an Empire upon which the sun never sets' upon people who would like to have one day upon which the sun never rises; but I should have thought that Mr. Thomas would know how to deal with those responsible. As the ownership of a court costume appears to inspire the prisoner to court approval in strange quarters, I must direct that he be deprived of his sword and cocked-hat until he is prepared to use the former for knocking seventh-day fanaticism into the latter."



Tragedy of the Broken Tea-pot

by ROBERT HOLMES

An excellent clergyman told me years ago how, when he was a little fellow, eight years old, he did something not very wrong in fact, but so dreadful to him that it seemed as though it could never be set right, and nothing remained but to leave home.

So he started about nightfall, very sorrowful, and when he had gone a few hundred yards, met a brother five years older, who, hearing his mournful tale, suggested that possibly things were not so bad that he need run away; he had better return and tell his parents everything. The advice was not at all unwelcome, for darkness was closing in, and it was cold; also those parents were not the sort of which any boy need be afraid.

AND when confession was made, the worst that was said to him was, "But, James, what would you have done, hungry and shivering, out in the dark night without a home? Wouldn't that have been worse punishment than any we could have given you if you'd come to us right away?"

No doubt many readers of JOHN BULL remember feeling, when very young, that they had made a hopeless mess of things, and deciding, like James, that nothing was left but to run away. For the experience is very usual; but someone is usually at hand to lead back to parents who prove just the loving father and mother after all.

But when parents are harsh, or there is no one to play the part of sympathetic elder brother, children sometimes wander far and suffer much. Most experienced policemen have moving stories to tell of little things who tramped weary miles, burdened with needless fears.

Away to the Rag-and-bone Man!

"Mother was going to give me away to the rag-and-bone man," a tiny girl of eight, drenched to the skin, and gazing sorrowfully at a torn pinafore over a torn skirt, sobbed in the ear of a big-hearted constable who found her late one night in a lonely lane, twelve miles from home. When the constable's wife had given her a hot bath, and the child sat comfortably on the hearth-rug, eating bread and milk, the tale was carried further.

It appeared that she had a weakness for climbing, and had torn frock after frock, till her mother, losing patience, used a threat which so frightened her that when she tore both the clean white pinafore and the nice new dress in which she was arrayed for the Whitsuntide procession that morning, there seemed no escape from the rag-and-bone man's clutches, so she ran away.

"Can I stay here always, please?" she asked as they put her to bed. Poor little mite! Her feet cut and blistered from walking in thin slippers over sharp stones, she had seen more

ALWAYS in the hearts of the young there is the spirit of Adventure—and sometimes the spirit of Fear. Adventure was in the heart of the little boy who travelled through Britain without paying a railway fare; and fear in the little girl who ran away because her mother "was going to give her to the rag-and-bone man"! These are two of the many youngsters dealt with in this delightfully sympathetic article.

than enough of travel. And when the constable told her that her parents would never give away so dear a treasure, the news seemed too good to be true.

Next morning, both father and mother were there before she was awake. "And I never saw anything like the meeting when she came downstairs," the constable tells.

"She read in their faces that all was forgiven, and turned at once into such a bright, laughing little thing, that it made us as miserable as sin to feel we'd no children of our own to get into as much mischief as healthy children always will do, and hear nothing from us about giving them away."

Afraid to Return Home

I remember well a little chap of nine found asleep on a doorstep fifteen miles from home. He had broken the spout off an earthenware teapot, which cost, perhaps, sixpence (it was before the war) and, fearing the anger of his stepmother, had rushed blindly away, hurrying along, till overcome by hunger and weariness he sat down to rest.

Kind-hearted policemen, themselves fathers, had fed and warmed him before I saw him, and his state was nothing like as melancholy then as a few hours earlier, yet his terror at the prospect of returning home with parents sent to fetch him back was so great that the memory of his frightened face remains vivid to this day.

And, after all, there was little cause for the fear he had. When she came, the stepmother proved womanly enough to pity rather than blame, while the father shuffled his feet and glanced uneasily at the lad as if trying to make out what he had done to forfeit the confidence of a son of whom he was obviously fond.

They took him home, comparatively happy. A motherly person who gave an eye to him reported that they treated him well during the next four years.

The Courage of the Young

Not fear, but high courage caused another nine-year-old boy to walk forty-seven miles, begging his bread and sleeping where he could till he reached his grandfather's place after three days.

His arrival was not unexpected, news of his disappearance from home having been forwarded by his mother. Knowing his anxiety to help her to earn the living—a hard matter since his father died—she concluded that he had gone to ask for a job on his grandfather's farm.

"And danged if thou shouldn't have a job if I durst give it thee!" the old man burst out in great admiration; "I was working every hour of daylight at less than thy age, and it'd do thee no harm to start while thou'st a mind for it. Only a lad must be kept at school nowadays till his head's full o' naught but schemes for getting his living at other folk's expense."



Mr. Robert Holmes,
the well-known Police Court Missionary.

He was given work after school hours, all the same, for when his mother arrived her father learnt for the first time what a sore struggle she had found it to gain a livelihood since she was left a widow. And the upshot was she settled afresh in her old home, to her son's lasting advantage.

He Wanted to See the World

A less worthy if more usual motive for leaving home is, of course, desire to see the world. And sometimes, to parents who are poor, the spirit of adventure in their offspring is provokingly expensive.

"What am I to do with him?" an irate father asked the other day, glaring threateningly at the eleven-year-old boy he brought to see me. "It's the tenth time he's served me like this. Every school holiday, nothing will do but he must take off to his Aunt Mary's, or else his Aunt Jane's, and I'm put to the expense of paying his railway fare home again, to say nothing of the upset his going off causes his mother till she hears he's landed safe."

"And how does he get there?" I enquired.

"Walks it, of course," was the surly reply; "and they ought to make him walk back; railway fare for a sixty-mile journey is no joke for a man on three days a week. But

I reckon I must keep on paying, if it brings me to the workhouse."

Things might have been worse. The lad might have stolen money for the outward journey instead of tramping sixty miles to the seaside. I urged the father to be as patient as he could, while telling the lad to try and curb his desire for adventure till he was old enough to go to sea.

Travel that Costs Nothing!

Another father is less troubled by his son's escapades. That little chap, only seven years old, ragged, but chubby-faced and well-nourished, was found asleep in a railway carriage, ninety miles from home. His coolness when awakened by a ticket-collector was remarkable. It did not disturb him in the least to be told how far he had journeyed.

It turned out that he was an experienced traveller. He had already visited most of the great towns of Britain, his face being familiar to many railway servants on the lookout for passengers without tickets, to whose company he ever belonged.

Handed to a constable when he reached the police office, he inquired with a cheerful grin, "Are you going to give me something good to eat?" then proceeded to speak in flattering terms of excellent fare provided in similar places all over Britain.

"What train am I going home by?" was his next query; and when told to wait till magistrates decided whether he went home or elsewhere, he answered with a gesture of contempt, "Tell that to the marines: you don't take kids before magistrates till they're eight. I'm only seven. You can't do nothing to me. I'm not frightened."

Wondering what the parents of such a child were like, the constable asked his father's trade. Again his face lit up with a grin. "He's a signer-on," he said, meaning that all his father did was to register for the dole.

The Guardians of the Poor had the expense of seeing him home. In the words of the constable who saw most of him, he was, "The sharpest kid you ever heard tell of. What he'll become the Lord only knows."

Something worthy, probably, when he has passed through the hands of a disciplinarian, as he is sure to do by and by. Meanwhile, it is just as well that such precocity is rare; that juveniles as a rule are discouraged from seeing the world by a belief that railway trains are only for those able to pay fares, and have no notion of free board and lodging at a journey's end.

Robert Holmes

Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. Correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the letters printed on this page.

ODDS ON

the East Coast of Britain if you want the best chance of fine holidays this year. The Summer Rainfall Average is much lower than on the West.

Write for 'Holiday Suggestions' booklet to

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AN £8,000,000 MARKET

Great Britain consumes oranges to the above amount annually - mostly in winter. In the summer this £8,000,000 market is practically a virgin field for any country that can supply oranges for summer eating. Alone among orange sources, South Africa can supply summer oranges by reason of situation and time of season.

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OWN AN ORANGE ORCHARD on South Africa's leading Orange estate at Letaba. Orange growers in South Africa state that five acres of orange trees in full bearing yield £500 per annum profit.

The Company guarantee to plant, irrigate and manage the farms, and accept full responsibility for the interests of the absentee owner, attending to the orchard and paying regularly the annual income derived. Capital Outlay £625 (in five annual instalments) per five acre and *pro rata*.

Send for OFFICIAL BOOKLET to Dept. J.B.,
The Union Fruit & Citrus Farms Ltd.,
123, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.
Telephone No.: Regent 4888.

"JOHN BULL" investigated the standing of this Company in October, 1920, and has confirmed it again in May, 1924.

AT the death of my husband, a professional man, even his insurance money went to his creditors. I and my family of two boys and two girls, all under eight, were left homeless and penniless. My husband's father took my two boys, and I worked as manageress in a boarding-house, where I was able to have my little girls living with me in the basement.

Her Sailor Lover.

Then my husband's cousin, a young officer in the Mercantile Marine, came home and insisted on sinking the whole of his small inheritance in buying and furnishing a little house in the suburbs where I and my little girls have been able to live in comfort, taking in paying guests.

"I have just accepted an offer of marriage from my kind young benefactor who will shortly be home on leave. When I told my late husband's father the news he said he was delighted, as he would now be able to send my boys back to me, for my new husband to provide for. Of course I would like to have them, but the extra room they would require would mean ejecting my profitable paying-guests. My prospective husband is only at the outset of his not very lucrative career, and I do not want to be a millstone around his neck.

"Ought I, in his interest, to break off our engagement, giving him no reason? Or do you think it would be very wrong of me to induce him to set up house with me, omitting the marriage service? I am told that in these circumstances he could not have the responsibility of my little boys thrust on him, as can legally be done if he marries me."

"Humanist" says:—It would be very wrong and very stupid. If you set up house with this young man, that will not make your father-in-law responsible for the boys, neither will it make the sailor-sweetheart. Why break off the engagement? Why not marry him? He has shown himself a good fellow and he will presumably rise in his profession. It is not so poorly paid that a man in it, who owns his own house, cannot keep a wife and family in modest comfort.

A YEAR ago I became engaged to a man much older than myself—not, I confess, because I loved him, but because my parents were pressing the match and also because my fiancé was so certain that as he loved me devotedly I could not fail to love him. Personally, although I had met as many men as most girls, I had never fallen in love and had come to the conclusion that I never should—that it was not in my temperament to love. I am

One-sided Affair.

just telling you this so that you may understand and not judge me too harshly.

Well, my fiancé had accepted a job abroad for two years. About six months ago I met a man and soon, to my dismay, discovered that I had become very fond of him. I have no reason to believe that he cares for me in any way except as a friend—but, Humanist, I love him, and, loving him, knew I could not marry without love. I determined to break my engagement—when I received a letter saying that my fiancé had been in a terrible accident (he's an engineer), his spine has been injured and the doctors say he'll be a cripple always. He offers, in his letter, to release me.

"Hearts that Have Suffered and Can Feel."

I AM very proud of the readers of JOHN BULL I have never asked for their generous help in vain.

Three weeks ago we published the story of an English girl who went as a governess to Jamaica and there married a negro doctor, who ill-treated and deserted her.

With a little girl of three, an innocent helpless mite—ill-starred from birth and handicapped by all the marks of half-caste—she came home to work for it.

Her parents discarded her: her relations disowned her; and she could find no home for her half-caste child. Without it she could get work—she would not abandon it if she starved.

Over fifty readers of JOHN BULL, in all classes of society, in all parts of the country, have written and offered their help.

Some of these letters are beautiful "Human Documents." Mothers who have lost an only child and in whose breast remain the unfulfilled longings of mother-love; women who have been unblest with children; mothers who have large and happy families and who cannot contemplate their own happiness and think of the sorrows of a less fortunate parent—have all written volunteering to take this little broken blossom of humanity.

I thank them all. Happily, the mother has now found a position that will enable her to keep herself and child—the best of all possible solutions. This brave mother has kept her faith and won her battle.

"What am I to do? Honour tells me I should, of course, stick to him and marry him out of pity. Yet there's something inside me that says neither of us could be happy. I think it would be awful to be married to one person and all the time be loving someone else. Please give me your good advice as it is torturing me not to know what to do. It's no use telling me to forget the man I love—I can't. And I should very likely see a good deal of him if I married my fiancé as it turns out they were college chums."

"Humanist" says:—Your fiancé has behaved much better than you. Girls who get engaged without being in love are acting shabbily as well as stupidly. Accept your release; tell your fiancé the truth, that you love someone else. It is hard lines on him, but to have a loveless marriage might only add ultimately to his misfortunes.

"I WAS a mere lad of eighteen when I was sent as a lieutenant to France, and at this impressionable age it is little wonder that I fell to the temptation which beset me. I helped to fill a billet for many months with an old couple at Havre who had a daughter of thirty-six. This woman made love to me with ardour which I thought then was genuine, and it was not long before there occurred happenings which I have always regretted.

A Boy who Erred.

"Some months after I had moved from the town I was notified that she had given birth to a child, of which I was the father. Filled with dismay, I placed the matter in my solicitor's hands, and in spite of the fact that he ascertained that the woman's conduct was of a similar character where other offences were concerned, I weakly agreed to an allowance to hush the matter up.

"My parents know nothing of all this, but the worry of it is continually preying on my health and peace of mind. Two years ago I had a nervous breakdown."

"Humanist" says:—You could refuse to pay any more, and it would be difficult for the woman to collect in this country. But if she chose to sue you—you would find it hard to convince anybody of the truth of your story. I do not see why you should worry. If you can afford to do so, keep paying for the child's sake. You have taken some responsibility for it. See that it is getting the benefit of it.

"I HAVE been very much troubled about the following matter. Will you please tell me, 'Humanist,' what I am to do with the knowledge that one of the 'men' with whom I work is a woman, and where do I stand in relation to the law, in the light of my discovery?

"I only wish to know my duty in this matter, as the job she has should really be done by a man, although she performs the duties as well as any man, perhaps better than many."

Woman in Disguise

"A more masculine-looking woman I have never seen, and there is not the slightest suspicion of the truth amongst the other workmen. I have no knowledge of how she came to be living as a man, or for how long she has been doing this. She is a middle-aged woman, and I must say, 'Humanist,' that she is a fine 'pal.'"

"As she suspects me of knowing her secret, and I can tell is very much troubled about it, will you please tell me what I am in honour bound to do morally?"

"Humanist" says: I do not see why you should do anything. It is no part of your duty to spy on this woman, and if you surprised her secret accidentally, you are morally bound to preserve it.

CARTOONETTES

and Topical Jingles
by FRANK HOLLAND

Mystery Money.

"A friend of mine, a cashier in a bank, is living beyond his income and says he is making money on the turf. I fear for his position."

So do I—and for that of any bank employee who is backing horses. Tell him that he is not acting wisely—or fairly to himself. I do not see that you can do more.

A Domestic's Grievance.

"My mistress goes out every night and leaves me to sit alone in the kitchen, seven nights a week. Is this fair?"

It certainly is not considerate. Even the fact that you are paid does not make it so. The hours and conditions of domestic service are sometimes very bad. Ask for further concessions: you are not bound to stay if you can't get them.

The Bad Chemist.

"My mother in illness learned to take drugs, and is ruining herself. I have protested to the chemists who supply her: most of them are considerate, but one refuses to stop, as mother is his best customer."

Tell your story to the police, in confidence. They will soon deal with this rascally and unscrupulous chemist.

A Shabby Employer.

"My child has contracted scarlet fever and I have to stay at home for a week—to avoid carrying infection. My employer docks a week's wages accordingly. He is an Englishman."

Unfortunately some Englishmen are capable of shabby conduct. I can only say that the others despise them for it.

The Deferred Piano.

"My neighbour is buying a piano on the deferred pay system, and has offered to sell it to my wife, for what he has paid for it. Can I buy it?"

No, it does not belong to him to sell—unless you also take over the obligation to pay the remaining instalments and get the consent of the owners.

Sensitive Sergeant.

"A comrade of mine in Gallipoli got sunstroke and committed suicide. I was his sergeant and I think spoke harshly to him and rather terrified him. I feel his death on my hands."

Sharp words from a sergeant do not cause sunstroke. You seem too sensitive to have been really harsh. I think you should forget the matter: it is preying on over-strung nerves.

Bad Brother-in-law.

My brother-in-law, living in our house, has revealed himself to me as a bad man. I resisted and reproved him. My young sister is often alone with him. Should I warn our mother?"

Your first duty is to safeguard your sister. Warn her. Warn your brother-in-law also. And use your influence to get him out of your home. Why does he not live in his own, or in lodgings if he can't get a house?

Lodgers and the Landlord.

"My civil service pre-war pension is now inadequate and my wife wishes me to take in two lodgers, whom I know, though otherwise quite well-conducted, are not legally man and wife. I object to this class of people. Am I right or wrong?"

Perfectly right to have your house to yourself if you wish. No doubt the lodgers will find apartments, otherwise well-conducted, where they will not be penalised for legal incapacity to marry.

The Village Natural.

"In this village there is a silly fellow whose chief use in life seems to be the amusement and 'butt' of the boys round here. His life is a misery. He has no parents and is kept by a kindly old lady who is nearly blind. Would it be right to put him in an institution?"

No. So long as the old lady is willing to keep him, let him have his own home. Expatriate with the boys: they are probably thoughtless rather than heartless.

Words Winged to Women

How Women Face Death

by MABEL HORNER

BLUE BOOKS can be extremely illuminating, and there is one that all enfranchised women should make a point of mastering without delay. It deals with the subject of maternal mortality, and proves that bringing babies into the world is one of the most hazardous occupations for women.

In England and Wales alone at least 700,000 women each year accept the risk, and 3,000 pay the price—of death. The perfectly natural and physiological process of child-birth carries off more women than the dread scourge of cancer.

The overwhelming tragedy is that such deaths are mostly preventable. These women who die ought not to die. They are snatched by death with a horrid suddenness that has reflex consequences in suffering and loss that is appalling and incomputable. Moreover, among the women who do not die there are more than 3,000 who live on miserably, permanently injured and disabled.

Women themselves must realise the sad truth, that while we progress in hygiene and welfare work for the community, the case of the pregnant mother is left miserably unprovided for in the general scheme. On the one hand life is prolonged for the aged, on the other it is made safer for the workman and the child, but the poor mother who is the keynote of the whole social fabric faces her hour.

NOW this wrong, though it matters supremely to men, is unquestionably a thing which women, through the power of the vote, can themselves see remedied.

It is not in the leisured and cultured classes that the women die, nor among the mothers who have all that is possible of nourishment and rest, of space and sunlight and medical attention and aftercare. It is in the crowded industrial areas where death's heaviest toll is paid.

It is where mothers work until the last possible moment before

their trial, where they are forced to be up and at their toil once more before Nature's reasonable demands of time for restoration are satisfied. And above all, it is where nourishment is stinted or unsuitable, and where spotless cleanliness, so insistently essential at such times, is well-nigh impossible of attainment. It is in sparsely populated rural areas where poverty is rampant and ignorance of modern methods is rife.

The Workshops Act of 1901, which provides that a woman shall not return to work within four weeks of giving birth to a child, is in practice a dead letter. Necessity drives women to conceal the facts. But even if alternative subsistence benefits were obtainable there would still be needed that extensive educational propaganda which women can best undertake.

IT is women who can explain to women the wisdom and necessity of having medical advice for long before as well as during and after the event. It is women who can agitate for the hurrying forward of the new housing schemes both in rural and industrial areas where the crying need is worst. And it is women, who with delicate tact could make themselves responsible for seeing that the maternity benefits that are now obtainable are wisely and truly spent.

More might be done—and this also by local committees of women—to raise the standard of the midwifery service.

There are a thousand ways in which women, aroused to indignant protest by a careful study of the facts as set forth in Dr. Janet Campbell's report, might set about to right the wrong and bring a better state of things to being.

Motherhood is in itself a gallant task. It ought also to be a joyous one, and the joy ought not to be, as now it is, so often and so tragically torn away by death.

Don't Say it with Flowers

IN its place the language of flowers is a beautiful thing. To a fiancée on the morning of the anniversary of her birthday a bouquet of beautiful blossoms says more than any poet.

But flowers—or flowery words—are out of place in the JOHN BULL office. We are so near to Covent Garden ourselves that we want no bouquets!

We've told you lots about our wonderful Free Advice Service. Let's tell you how to get quick replies to your problems.

Be brief. State your problem—or put your question—as tersely as possible. Get right down to brass tacks first shooting. This way as an example:

"I am recommended to buy shares in Such-and-Such, Ltd. What is their present market price. Are they a desirable investment? How and where can I obtain them?"

Bright and snappy! Our Financial Editor can read that in ten seconds without the use of his horn-rimmed

glasses. He'll answer you just as snappily—Enclose a stamped addressed envelope for our reply. That's our only charge for the service. We answer questions on every subject under the sun—and we're a specialist in each subject.

Documents to be returned must also be accompanied by sufficient postage.

All queries must bear name and address of correspondent—not of course for publication. Anonymous letters will not be answered through the paper. If you can't take the trouble to write your name and address we're too busy with worried people who can!

That's all. Shortage of words does not mean lack of sympathy. We started our Free Advice Service to help readers, and we're succeeding. There's a stack of letters of appreciation in our office that we go and look at every time we feel life isn't worth living.

That problem of yours? Write to JOHN BULL about it.



This Campaign might be comic quite if it were not so tragic. Of course we know the words still flow. But where's the wizard's magic?



Why does the State still tolerate these idle lands it can avoid? On every hand there's untilled land and thousands unemployed!



Some livings are too lean by far while others are too fat. But who so blind they cannot find the remedy for that!



With sentiment we seem content, Our statesmen are so soulful, But when one sees such things as these It makes one rather doleful.

Duggie for the Derby!

Do your Derby business with Duggie, who originated the concessions enjoyed by backers to-day. His terms cover all points, and remember—"Duggie never owes."

John Bull 'naps' Duggie!

"Douglas Stuart is something more than a 'double event king'—he rules an empire of satisfied punters."

—John Bull.

Derby

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Market Prices, time of posting

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Douglas Stuart

5, DRURY ST., GLASGOW

"DUGGIE NEVER OWES."

—Vide Press.

Can Steve Donoghue Win

Last Words on the Chances of Favoured Horses

A FEW weeks ago I advised readers to delay their Derby bets, and they should have no reason to regret doing so.

Next Wednesday the layers will, or should, be shouting 6 to 1 on the field, and the eventual favourite is uncertain. Whichever this is does not matter, since the market never yet decided a Derby, even if it has often had an amazing effect on the results of selling hurdle races!

The Stable With Two.

Further, if you bet even at this late stage, you may make a serious mistake in arriving at the final intentions (or hopes) of the Manton and Whatcombe stables. When any establishment has a couple of candidates with approximately equal chances, there is every reason why you should cut out anticipation.

A fancied Derby horse has before now gone off, or another, contrarily, come on, a few pounds in the days preceding the race, and on the two occasions since the war when a stable ran two, the longer-priced one won.

Manton Horses.

Regarding Bright Knight and St. Germans, you will know which is the main hope when it is announced which Frank Bullock will ride. That, I take it, can be accepted. The Manton stable would have won two recent Derbies with Buchan and Craig-an-Eran had Bullock ridden them, and the mistake of his unemployment in those races has properly been appreciated.

St. Germans is said to have come on a stone or so since he won the Craven Stakes, and the professionals who are banking on Lord Astor winning the Derby are on both this one and Bright Knight. Taylor himself may not know which will go to the post with the greater chance, or whether either can beat Hurstwood. The Manton puzzle is so intriguing that you must back the three or discard the lot.

Whatcombe's Best for Hulme.

It can also be understood that Hulme will be on the Whatcombe best. The book says this is Diophon, but there is the suspicion that Salmon Trout is the better stayer. Like Manton, the Whatcombe establishment has no publicity agent, but it is conceivable that the Aga Khan's colts have had some trials, and if one can stay better than the other Dawson knows which it is. So here, again, punters who fancy either should wait until they know which the stable jockey will ride, or, again, back both—or leave the pair out altogether.

Donoghue and Tom Pinch.

JOHN BULL led the way in the association of Donoghue with Tom Pinch. Directly after the Guineas had been run I suggested the change should be made, and this was long before the daily papers published the probability of it. There have been obstacles in the way of Donoghue having the mount which are not confined to Mr. Jack Joel's willingness to release him, but they need not be mentioned. They may have been overcome by now, and if so Tom Pinch will most likely win with Steve up or lose if he isn't.

Against this colt are his two failures at Newmarket and the fact that Donoghue, having ridden three successive Derby winners, is up against the law of average. I dismiss the latter as being silly. The dislike of Tom Pinch to a descent, so clearly exemplified, cannot so casually be passed over.

But Fred Darling has all the same retained his faith in Tom Pinch, in whom he has always thought he had another Captain Cuttle; and to come to that, Tom Pinch did just as well in the Guineas

as his brother. Further, Despatch was not beaten far in the Newmarket Stakes, and Tom Pinch is a good stone his superior.

Sansovino came out of the Newmarket Stakes with honours. I had a good look at him afterwards, and obviously he needed that gallop. A friend of mine who saw the race from the Bushes, says Weston was not pushing his mount, and perhaps, he was instructed not to give Lord Derby's colt a hard race. Sansovino each way at Epsom looks safe business.

If none of these win, the layers will have a winning race, and they say they need it, but it is more in hope than confidence that they will turn to any of the Guineas failures to reverse the running at Epsom. Knight of the Garter, tried to stay a mile and a half, Spalpeen or Parmenio might

off the value of Papyrus and adds a corresponding amount to that of Poisoned Arrow.

Captain Gooch, himself, has never apparently quite realised the improvement of Poisoned Arrow, otherwise, he would not have been tempted to make that complaint about the horse's handicapping in the Liverpool Cup last autumn which Poisoned Arrow subsequently won in a canter.

Small stables have not the material to correctly estimate the form of their top-notchers and Capt. Gooch must have been a victim of this. Still, few of the more experienced trainers turn their horses out in better condition.

Donoghue Catching Up

"Steve's" four winners in one day—and eight in a week—have brought him into the fighting line among the leading jockeys. He was all smiles at Kempton after his performance. H. Wragg, the King's jockey, is the only other rider to accomplish a similar feat this season. He really went one better than Donoghue as his winners at Newcastle were four successive mounts.

Wootton Returns.

"Old Man" Wootton has again set foot in England after a four years' sojourn in Australia, and he intends to stay here for three or four months.

He is very pleased with the way his younger son, Stanley, has carried on at Treadwell House during his long absence. Time flies, it seems only a few months ago that he was the presiding genius and that Frank and Stanley were rolling home first on his horses.

Points for Punters.

Another one of my points for punters materialised once again at Newmarket last week. I advised that both horses should be backed in the event of a stable sending out two runners. The despised outsider has a nasty habit of coming to the rescue of the layers.

Hurstwood—at 10 to 1—won the Newmarket Stakes. Bright Knight—even—was unplaced.

Both horses hail from Manton.

Big Prices for Selling Platers.

It is not often that a selling plater realises £1,000, consequently, I was interested in the bidding at Kempton for the winners Foliac and Open Prospect. Jack Jarvis secured Foliac for the nimble thousand jimmy o' gobins—while Open Prospect went to Reggie Day for the same figure. The prices were all the more extraordinary seeing that Foliac was entered to be sold for £100 while Tabor's plater was marked on the race-card for £50!

Back Epinard Every Time.

So Sir Gallahad beat Epinard and there is some talk of a return match. My money will be on Mr. Wertheimer's champion once again—and every time—in spite of his defeat. Epinard was not to blame. In my opinion O'Neill beat Haynes, who was not fit.

As a result of the great match punters may be able to trade at a reasonable price when last year's Steward's Cup winner has another go over here before his American trip.

But, perhaps, the layers will scent another French plot.

An Unlucky Verdict.

Several readers sent me prepaid telegram forms and asked for the best for the "Jubilee." I wired Verdict—each way. Lord Coventry's charming filly had all the bad luck of the race and was in front a stride past the post.

THE DERBY

To Win

TOM PINCH

Best E.W. Bet

SANSOVINO

Best Outsider

PARMENIO

do it, but backing them to do so is another matter. Still, Parmenio ran over a stone below his normal form in the Guineas, and if he recovers it he will finish near the Derby winner. He is many pounds in front of Plack, and the filly would not be a 33 to 1 chance were she in the race.

The Best Outsiders.

In my opinion, Parmenio is one of the best outsiders in the race, and I admit the possibilities of Dawson City who is not the first horse to improve as the result of working with good-class stable companions. Tippler is a battler and is a long shot for the small punters who race once a year and don't like 6 to 4 chances.

The Grand Prix

IN spite of many scratchings there are still several English horses left in the big French race.

Tom Pinch, Sansovino and Caravel have not yet paid forfeit, and either Darling's or Lambton's candidate is capable of annexing the spoils. The Grand Prix de Paris is worth £16,000 and I cannot understand why a few more of our owners do not make an effort to capture this splendid prize. Surely, it is worth winning.

Last year the race was won by Filibert de Savole. I mentioned this horse last week in connection with the Ascot Gold Cup.

A Horse for a Coup.

What an immense coup would have been brought off with Poisoned Arrow had this horse ever been in a betting stable. Poisoned Arrow made abnormal improvement as a four-year-old, but he has done nothing better than his defeat of Papyrus in the Burwell Plate over the Derby winner's best distance.

It is all very well to argue that Papyrus was given the race to try him out for next week's Coronation Cup, but animals on the verge of a stud career are not taken risks with, and the upshot is that the result brings a few thousands

Another Derby?

and Others

What a consistent filly is Verdict. I make no apology for giving her to readers for the Jubilee. The judge said she was beaten, but other people who are unimportant on these occasions thought she had just got up.

One of these was a friend who had backed Parth—and at 20 to 1, too—for himself and someone intimately connected with the stable, and his laconic remark to me as the first three passed the post was "Verdict's won it." The hoisting of No. 2 five seconds later was for him a most pleasant surprise.

What a pity some racing executive or other, either here or in France, cannot arrange a nine-furlong invitation handicap between Parth, Poisoned Arrow, Verdict, Epinard and Sir Galahad III. Impossible, perhaps, but what an event it would be.

Leave Twelve Pointer Alone.

I was asked after the Jubilee what I thought of Twelve Pointer as the winner of a future handicap. I could give no satisfactory reply, since his display was puzzling, and it is impossible to say what is his best distance. He was slow to strike off, and if he does this at Ascot—he has been suggested to me for the Hunt Cup—he will not win that.

If he goes for the Manchester Cup he has to show at least a 7-lb. improvement on his Kempton running to beat Soldumeno, but it occurs to me that the Stockbridge stable has a more genuine candidate in Hurry Off, who had an obvious chance of winning a ten-furlong handicap at Newmarket last week, and who probably missed that race with a view to the Castle Irwell event.

HORSES TO FOLLOW.

Kalindi.—Crawford's two-year-old commenced too slowly at Newmarket to have a chance in her race. Previously she had been tried to be smart.

Ducks and Drakes.—A few thousand pounds belonging to punters went west at Kempton owing to the antics of Ducks and Drakes at the post. The son of Syndrian is very fast and can win if he is in the mood.

Cross Bow.—Alex Taylor trains this two-year-old, and he is one of the best youngsters in the stables at Manton. The colt is by Gay Crusader and should not be missed first time out.

Grand Knight.—I noted this horse at the first Epsom meeting. He was very unlucky to lose the Great Surrey Handicap to Scherzo. If he is seen out at the Derby meeting he should be backed.

Canhego.—He can! Bear this sprinter in mind for a five-furlong race. Last time out he ran second to Rath Duth.

St. Clears.—Mr. Glasspool's three-year-old soon repaid me for the good words I said about him last week. He won the Chesterford Plate very easily from a large field.

Carryduff.—At Kempton this colt by Great Sport started at 5 to 4 in a good field. He lost about thirty lengths in the early part of the race and yet finished second. Will win next time.

Swanage.—A very unlucky loser at Newmarket. He swerved all over the course approaching the winning post and Jellis could not right him in time to catch the outsider, La Mauri. Swanage will win more races this season.

Plack.—I gave this stout-hearted filly for the One Thousand Guineas and she is my selection for the Oaks. She is keeping wonderfully well.

Velvet.—A big starting price order for a Two-Year-Old Stakes. As the money was lost I suggest that the filly be backed next time out.

Nane Snugger.—Mr. Rayner's horse was terribly unlucky to be beaten last time out. He is a certain winner soon.

Stanhope.—There was plenty of money for this good, staying three-year-old at Kempton Park. He ran second to Heverswood. Will pay to follow.

Wang.—Disqualified for bumping and boring last time out. This two-year-old is a winner without a penalty. He beat the hot-pot Polymnia and had several horses that have already won this season behind him. The pointer is obvious.

Reggio.—Another heavily-backed two-year-old to be beaten first time out. The horse hails from Manton and is certain to win races.

Silver Onyx Colt.—Dawson of Newmarket trains this colt by Clarissimus. On the next occasion that he runs at a North Country meeting he should be back each way. He is an improving sort.

PADDOCK PARS.

Leave London by 9.30 at the latest if you are going by road to the Derby. The crush at Banstead last year was the limit in traffic tangles.

When is the Clarendon stable going to send out a winner?

Joe Childs should always be followed at Newmarket.

Several readers have asked me if Rugeley, the Chester Cup winner, actually bolted the whole course before winning at Newbury. As a matter of fact, he was pulled up at the paddock gate, which is about a furlong and a half from the winning post.

Lord Derby has never won the Derby. His record is now four seconds.

Sunart won her third race of the season by ten lengths. Her first she won by eight. But Dignity beat her when she started at 8 to 1 on. Dignity and impudence with a vengeance!

SILVER RING.

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS.

York, Wednesday:
POLYMNIA FILLY. CARRYDUFF.

Doncaster, Thursday:
GALLOPING SLAV, Miss CONNIE.

Doncaster, Friday:
TWENTY-FIVE, APPLAUSE.

Salisbury, Friday:
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Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

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A Z O 2 H D F T 8 I M X P V

J K B Y C E Q G L N U W S R
How to read the code:—In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line, as the case may be.
E J X P B I H N G 2 would read
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This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from May 28 to June 3, inclusive.



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Our Letter Parliament

Men who Defame Manhood

Our Readers Air their Views on this and other Subjects

Exterminate Them.

I heartily agree with the writer of the article, "Brutes of the Stone Age," that the punishment meted out to the wild animal men who prey on little girls is absurdly lenient. Heaven knows, it is quite bad enough for girls when they grow up to steer clear of the pitfalls all around, but it is up to civilisation to save them during their innocent childhood. To my mind, even thrashing is too good for these bestial savages—they should be exterminated.—Mrs. Ray, London, N.

Magistrates to Blame.

Not a moment too soon have you drawn attention to the amazingly light sentences passed upon "men" who assault young girls. What can our magistrates be thinking of? Do they realise that the nation's purity is being corrupted in this way, and that their light sentences are actually an incentive to those inhuman beasts? The thanks of all parents are due to you for your article.—Mrs. Lee, Gloucester.

Sterilisation.

It is to be hoped that your article catches the eye of the powers that be and forces them to act. The leniency shown to these depraved sex maniacs and child-spoilers is a crying shame and a disgrace to civilisation. Who is to say how many such crimes a person has committed before being caught? The only way to deal with these abusers is to sterilise them. This would bring to the people a realisation of the seriousness of the crime.—Thomas Purcell, South Shields.

The Only Remedy.

You are more than justified in pleading for drastic punishment for the brutes who prey on helplessness and innocence, and all fathers with daughters will support you. Unfortunately, these offences are becoming more numerous, particularly with employers of female labour. These beasts are impervious to disgrace, and laugh at mere imprisonment. Nothing will curb this wave of crime save the fear of the lash or physical pain.—Luz., Oldham.

Warn the Community.

There can be no doubt that offences of the kind to which you draw attention are on the increase in this country, and I lay the blame on those misguided magistrates who allow culprits to escape with only a trivial sentence. It ought to be impressed upon the community that indecent assaults on the young and helpless will be punished with the utmost severity. The "cat" is certainly the instrument of punishment in such cases. That and sterilisation.—Howard Weston.

The Brand of—?

These brutes, with not even the faintest suspicion of genuine manhood, should be deprived of the power to procreate. This, to my mind, would be far superior than a few strokes with the cat. Or why not brand him on the forehead? Surely something can be done. Why not a petition through all the big towns, and present it to the M.P. for the district? Even thinking of such beasts makes me boil.—R. W. Green, Norwich.

Laugh at Leniency.

I agree with you that it is time something was done to save little girls from brutes who defile the young. But even a few lashes with the "cat" could not make up for the pain and suffering the girls have to bear. Three months' imprisonment! Surely these men must laugh at so mild a term. Why not give them a punishment that will leave its sting behind?—B. C., Kent.

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Eight-hour Day.

At the last General Election the principal question fired at candidates in every industrial constituency in the North was: Are you in favour of a legalised forty-eight hour week? This is a question that must not be trifled with. As JOHN BULL says, a tired worker is a bad worker. The honest workers in industry must not be robbed of their hard-earned privileges simply because of a few ca'canny fools.—Gully Beach, Burnley.

Travelling Companions.

"B. M.'s," Manchester, warning to girls who travel unchaperoned is timely. It is really astonishing how many girls are taken in by strangers. In a railway carriage it is difficult to keep oneself entirely to oneself during the course of a fairly long run, but people met with when travelling need not be recognised when the journey is completed. As for accepting an invitation at the hands of a stranger to a private house for a quiet cup of tea, this should always be refused. When a person tries to be particularly nice, ask yourself "Why?"—Mrs. M., Elgin.

Wonderful Wembley.

One hears many complaints of the exorbitant charges at Wembley. My experience of the Exhibition differs. I went for a day's general survey, and found it possible, with a minimum of expense to see the most interesting features of our Empire Overseas. From an educational point of view it stands unique and unrivalled. I consider it the duty of every loyal Briton—especially those of the younger generation—to visit this tribute to the work of our pioneers. One can spend according to one's means, and have a thoroughly enjoyable time.—"Briton," Kent.

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"EVENING NEWS":—"Grey watched him with a TITTER of amusement in the CORNERS OF HIS EYES."

"HOME CHAT":—"If a little vinegar is added to the water in which plates that have been used for fish are washed, it WILL COMPLETELY DISAPPEAR."

"GIRLS' FRIEND":—"He got out of his chair, came over to where I WAS STANDING, and putting his arms round me LIFTED ME TO MY FEET."

"SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY":—"Standing at the back of the crowd, he had seen another figure, tall and up-standing, a man with a tanned face and FRECKLED HAIR."

"LLOYD'S HOME NOVELS":—"Dolly's FACE FALTERED AND BROKE."

"STORY-TELLER":—"She could SEE nothing but the shrieking WIND and the THUNDER of the sea."

"PEOPLE'S FRIEND":—"Yes," she breathed, her CHEEKS FLASHING, "but there's Kitty."

"HOME COMPANION":—"She LIFTED HER HEAD ON TO HER LAP, and looked down on him."

"ANSWERS" (serial):—"He looked from one to the other, his SMOOTH BROW BENT."

Inter-marriage.

One of the greatest evils of our village life is inter-marrying. Half the cases of lunacy and consumption are traced to it. One reason I think, for families inter-marrying is that boys and girls are at an early age sent off to the local mill or factory. If our educational authorities would teach our children a trade instead of spending so much time in developing their arms and legs, they would then be able to go far afield on leaving school. This would check the evil considerably.—G. B., Mallock.

Sins of the Fathers.

Heredity is the spectre-problem largely responsible for the present-day proportions of our costly and dangerous habitual criminal class. Investigations into the causes of crime show that tainted men and women, degenerates and un-naturals, are prolific producers of children resembling themselves. They have the tendency towards moral disease and the predestination of the prison cell. Training and environment at the right age can save these little ones from growing up as menaces to society.—D. A. C., Leeds.

The Cat and Cruelty.

I was deeply gratified to see in your article respecting the R.S.P.C.A. Report that you advocate stronger measures to suppress the ever-increasing acts of cruelty towards animals. It is, indeed, time that adequate punishment was dealt out to those cruel and merciless so-called human beings who have no regard for God's dumb creatures. If only the "cat" was given instead of a paltry fine, I am convinced that such offences would be greatly diminished.—Clarence Turner

An Up-and-down Life.

Your stand against profiteering is splendid. Only mothers know the terrible strain of making ends meet while tradesmen hold up prices. The see-saw business—one price down and another up—is no help whatever and only makes men more dissatisfied and restless. Often fruit, etc., is 50 per cent. dearer, sometimes 100 per cent. in one shop, or at one stall, than another. Clothes are put up from any excuse, so is coal. Eggs, milk and butter have unnecessary fluctuations.—A Mother, Bedford.

'Twas Ever Thus!

Sir William Joynson-Hicks' article does not convince. The Labour Party is not the only one that "banks on the proverbial short memory of the public." If the burning zeal for social reform which the Conservatives now profess had only animated them while they were in office, what might they not have done! Instead of solving the unemployment problem, or abolishing slums, the most brilliant contribution they could make to the country's welfare was to rush an unwanted election on the public. Now, out of office, they are enthusiastic Social Reformers!—Politics, Rhondda.

Men and Measures.

I am interested in your comment on a single sentence in my address on "Poetry and Politics," where I said that the great British public demands measures not men, and you rightly point out that it takes men to frame measures. I was deriding the cry of "measures, not men" as the source of most of the evils of to-day both in regard to the supremacy of the political machine and the absence of great leaders, and I expressly said that the cry of "measures not men" would be as repugnant to the soul of any great poet as it was in Shakespeare's time.—Commander Carlyon Bellairs, Maidstone.

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(The Famous 4-in-1 Model)

In either Blue or Fawn Shade for **32/6** Carriage
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A COMBINED OVERCOAT & STORMCOAT,
stylishly cut and finished, which has stood the test of
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WE will forfeit the sum of £500 if our 32/6 Trench Coat
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GABARDINE
RUBBER LINING
CHECK LINING
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WOOL LINING

The coat is actually sent on approval. If
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A smart check lining gives an attractive and dressy finish to it.
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Near Moorgate Tram and Finsbury Terminus.

LTD.

How to Save Children's Teeth

Brushing is necessary, of course, but, by itself,
it is not enough.

To brushing you should now add the regular
use of Wrigley's.

Read what Science says about it. A prominent
dental surgeon, writing for the "Daily Express"
of the 27th June, says:

"To prevent the teeth decaying by cleanliness
alone, the mouth would have to be constantly
aseptic. As this is practically impossible, a small
quantity of good chewing gum after a meal will
induce a long-continued flow of saliva, most
efficacious in destroying the numbers of tooth-
destroying bacteria."

So, when the kiddies ask you for Wrigley's (as
all kiddies do), remember that giving it to them
is not merely indulging a harmless taste for a
delightful inexpensive sweet.

Giving Wrigley's to the children is a most
important measure for their future health—for
good teeth are the very foundation of good health.

It's important in another way, too. It's a real
aid to digestion. That's why millions of people
use Wrigley's *after every meal*, to prevent the
unpleasant symptoms of indigestion.

Give Wrigley's to your children after every
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it does you good.

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CHEWING SWEETS

W/1/125



SPEARMINT. 6 bar pack-
ets, 3d. P.K. — 4 sugar-
coated peppermint pellets
— 1d. per packet.

*After
every
meal*

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Enjoy the pleasure of cycling and benefit your health and pocket—get an easy-running JUNO. To prove we offer **AMAZING VALUE** we will willingly send you on approval a magnificent 1924 latest model JUNO, the best cycle in the British Empire, beautifully lined and plated, of finest construction throughout.

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Agents for James, Raleigh, Rudge,
B.S.A., Humbers, Swifits, etc.
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*"I would never like to cycle any
more without the Sturmey-Archer"*

writes Mr. J. A. Jones of 48, North Drive, St. Anne's, after 13 years and 30,000 miles of one on his bicycle. The Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear is a necessity once you have used it. Only 2s. extra on a new bicycle and it makes all the difference. See d for cycle gear booklet. Sturmey-Archer Gears, Ltd., Nottingham.



THE "CAPTAIN" CHALLENGES COMPETITION

From Builder to Buyer Direct for Cash or Easy Payment at Astounding Prices. Every Captain Cycle is excellently plated, protected with Rust-proof Preventive, carefully enamelled, lined with double gold lines and bears a Lifelong Guarantee.

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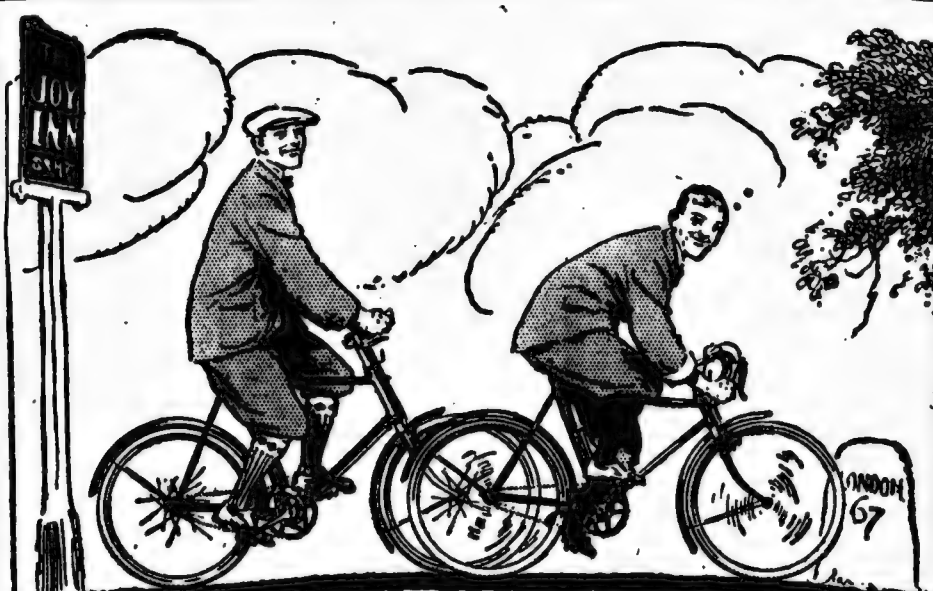
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Saunter or Speed.

"LET everyone gang
his ain gait" is a
very happy philo-
sophy for the wheelman.

It tolerates the other fellow
whatever his mode or pace;
it allows for the inevitable
variety of tastes.

It recognises the different
ideas of comfort.

And whatever your mode,
'tis comfort makes the
wheels go round.

Look to your saddle at once.
Have the correct pattern
for your style of riding—and
have a saddle that will
last for years.

BROOKS

SADDLES



BROOKS B90—For long-distance
riding, comfortable for sauntering
or moderate speeds—and designed
for those who prefer a resilient
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BROOKS B10—A saddle that
gives comfort by virtue of its per-
fect shape; it permits energetic
pedalling for mile after mile.
B10, Size 1, 14/6; Size 2, 16/6

for wheeling with that easy feeling

Write for "An Outline of Comfort."

J. B. BROOKS & CO., LTD. 92, Criterion Works, BIRMINGHAM.



A Terry Steel Strand

Terry's 5 in 1 Combination
Exerciser provides variety of
exercise and range of strengths.
Can be used as chest expander,
medium or extra strong, with
one or two strands; or as an
ordinary developer or wall
exerciser. Illustration shows
adaptability and compactness.
Quickly fitted up for use as one
of the five exercisers. Prices
from 15/- upwards. Com-
plete with three charts
and two wall
hooks.
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In case of difficulty
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HERBERT TERRY & SONS, LTD.
Manufacturers, Redditch, England. Est. 1855

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Pencil or Rule. By clipping
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neatly and firmly to edge of
pocket, garment or belt, your
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it cannot hurt anything put
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or Silvered.
All Stationers, etc.

Motoring for the Million

More Cheap Petrol

by MOTOMAC

SOUTHAMPTON has followed London in setting up a supply service for motorists at less than combine price, in fact at 1s. 8d. per gallon. That in itself is not a serious offence, but the company concerned, the Borough Motor Works, are encouraging people to motor by giving discounts on tyres and accessories, and, most heinous sin of all, offering a discount on the purchase of a car.

The Motor Traders' Association don't like people publicly to give away part of their commission or profit. Bad though the trade may be, they insist on boycotting any supplier inside or outside the Association who attempts to push trade in this fashion.

The Association are strong enough locally to see that "The Borough Motor Works" are deprived of space in the Press to advertise these advantages. Traders' associations can and often do perform useful services. The Southampton case proves that they can also on occasions be tyrannical.

In influencing the Press, they have interfered with the public and overstepped their legitimate function.

They will lose trade, for there are many cars and accessories and tyres which they do not and cannot control. They are doing their utmost to compel that particular Southampton dealer to trade outside their Association.

ALMOST alone we have taken up the attitude that the Press were doing more harm to the motor trade than the abolition of the duty could do. It is particularly gratifying to find evidence in support of our contention from the chairman of the Calthorpe Investments, Ltd.

Mr. Hill stated that, "There would have been less disturbance in the motor trade if the Press had left us alone." "The Press predicting force foreign competition and ruin made many buyers postpone purchases, and delivered a heavy blow to credit. They painted the position too black."

Unfortunately, the Press are not yet finished. They advocate now that, "The motor trade should be scheduled as a key industry. During the war it provided our munitions and engineers, and we might want them again." Any ordinary intelligent mortal would assume from this reasoning that it had been a key industry before the war, otherwise there would have been no engineers.

We want to be clear about this argument. If Coventry provided shells and guns, Bradford supplied uniforms and blankets, London jams and pickles, Manchester aeroplane fabrics. In fact, every trade provided something essential and necessary to the feeding of the guns. Let us be logical about this. Every industry can be a key industry under war conditions, but none dare to legislate as if war were the normal human activity.

For particulars of new cars and accessories fill in details and address to "Motomac," "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

NAME

ADDRESS

Information & sheet

MORRIS Cars

First Cost is Not Everything.

THE chief Expenses of Motoring are Depreciation, Petrol Consumption, Repair-bills and Taxation. BOTH new and after August 1st the best motoring value in the World is, and will be, the All-British MORRIS. REMEMBER—Although the price of foreign cars may drop as the result of the abolition of the McKenna Duties, the reduction will not affect their High Running Cost, Heavy Depreciation and High Taxation. The buyer will not get anything like the full benefit of the removal of the 35% duty.

THE MORRIS is the best car for the British motorist because:—

1. It is really economical to run.
2. It is made of the best materials procurable and fetches an excellent price secondhand.
3. Its petrol-consumption is low.
4. Its taxation is low.
5. It is really comfortable and has complete weather protection.
6. It is backed by a world-famous Service Organisation.
7. It is All British and provides work for British workmen.

ALL BRITISH MOTORISTS should read "The Morris Owner," the new monthly motoring paper published by Morris Motor Ltd. Official information on getting the best results from the Morris. Profusely illustrated. Obtainable from any Morris dealer or sub-dealer. Fourpence monthly.

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED FOLDER.



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PRICES:
MORRIS-COWLEYS,
11.9 h.p.

Two-seater £198
Four-seater £225
Occasional Four . . . £215

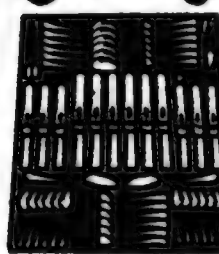
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Morris Cars can be purchased on DEFERRED PAYMENTS through any MORRIS dealer.

GRAVES STAINLESS CUTLERY

SAVES TIME, LABOUR & MONEY

GRAVES



It banishes for evermore the daily drudgery of Knife-Cleaning.

Complete service of 48 pieces, £35.10 (without case). Ivory-grained handles, Columbian Silver Spoons & Forks which wear white all through. Delivered to approved orders for 5/- now, 5/- monthly.

CATALOGUE of the latest Cutlery and Table Stationery, Stationery, etc., Post Free J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield

Ride one 15 Days FREE

at our expense and convince yourself by a fortnight's trial that these cycles are strong, fast, speedier, easier to propel, more luxuriously finished and far superior in quality than rival makes sold in shops at 45 to 50 more than we ask. After riding the machine 15 days FREE you can send it back if you are not satisfied in every respect that the Road is the greatest bargain you have ever been offered. Our new lady's or gentleman's model 400 only costs £5.10, cash or you can have a fully equipped No. 400A model for 2.6 weekly.



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De Luxe, £14 14 0
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WORLD'S BEST CYCLE
The highest point of All British engineering excellence. Warranted 10 yrs.

NAME REMOVED CYCLES:
CLIMBER & SON TYRES;
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SUNSHINE BATTERIES; S.S.A. FREE WHEEL; SHAWMONT'S RUBBER; RAYBOLD'S STEEL TYRES; WILLIAMS' CHAIN WHEEL; SPECIAL RUBBER ROLLERS. PRICES £7 10 0 (Cash) Model same price.
Delivered carriage paid to approved orders for 12 months with order. Balance 12 months monthly if satisfied. Money back in full if dissatisfied. CATALOGUE Post Free Complete range of Models J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.



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ROLL FILM and Win a Motor Car or one of the 303 other fine prizes

Every spool of "Ensign-Speedy" and "Ensign" Roll Film contains a coupon on which appears a list of Photographic subjects, such as "Portraits," "Landscapes," etc. All you have to do is to indicate on the coupon what you consider to be the order of popularity of the subjects. The votes of the competitors decide the order, and the competitors most accurately forecasting the correct order will win the splendid Prizes offered. There is no Entrance Fee—each coupon enclosed with a spool entitles you to one entry.

No PHOTOGRAPHIC Skill Required.

FIRST PRIZE

"Standard" (4 Seater) Motor Car, value £235

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Write for FREE Photographic Novelty that delighted thousands at the Ideal Home Exhibition. Address: Dept. E, Houghlands, L.M., High Wycombe, W.B.1.



John Bull's Letter Bag

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humor is kindly and never malicious, and he wants you to see it in this light. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note and take his leave with a smile. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Advice Bureau. See page 24.

L. Y. (Exeter).—"I'm a landed proprietor." Who landed you?

G. H. (Redcar).—"Can a man live without a brain?" Obviously.

J. B. (Sheffield).—"I am an engineer—not a politician." Still, you're amongst the cranks.

L. S. (Glasgow).—"I am up with the first bar of sunlight." Do you use it in your bath.

G. S. (Hampstead).—"There's nothing like leather." No? Never struck a steak like it?

H. J. (Streatham).—"My husband now owns three taxi cabs." He seems to be in a "sure" way of business.

S. Z. (Mayfair).—"Surrey is a warm side this year." It should be, with Hobbs and a Fender.

G. G. (Southend).—"We are having very balmy weather here." So we should judge from your letter.

LAURA (Leeds).—"My sweetheart strongly objects to me using make-up." He can't stick you lip-stick!

A. D. (Liverpool).—"Our Universities are merely places where young men go to amuse themselves." Like Oxford Circus?

F. B. V. (Birmingham).—"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men." Yes. We enjoyed your letter.

D. C. B. (Putney).—"It must annoy the postman to carry all those letters to your office." Yes; he gives us the sack every morning.

S. F. (Wimbledon).—"The South Africans will beat us in all the Test Matches." Don't be so sure. There may be a Hitch in it.

L. D. (London, E.).—"Keeping your money in your pocket will not make it grow." If it is in Treasury notes you will find it increases.

F. G. C. (Chelsea).—"Finding a cook is a tough proposition these days." And when you have found one her cooking is generally the same.

L. S. P. (Tollington Park).—"My landlady objects to me frying onions in the house." Tell her she ought to have more common sense.

M. J. (Richmond).—"There is a lot to be said for pillion-riding." Yes, it certainly provides a chance for young people to be thrown in each other's society.

L. J. H. (Islington).—"A strong man has been appearing in the music hall here who hammers nails through a thick piece of wood with the unprotected palm of his hand." We understand that he learnt the feat years ago by patting the eads of little boys who afterwards grew up to be politicians.

R. T. N. (Camborne).—"Give me peace!" As we laid your letter down, we echoed the prayer.

"IMPATIENT" (Jarrow).—"My enthusiasm does not stop there." Our patience, unfortunately, does!

R. G. (Crewe).—"The plain girl finds life a difficult problem." But a little powder can alter the whole complexion of it.

Mrs. G. (Mitcham).—"The worst way of taxing the poor is through their stomachs." It is certainly hitting below the belt.

"ENGAGED" (Dartford).—"In a word, my fiancé is IT!" In a quarrel after marriage he will probably have dwindled to "it."

H. R. (Leith).—"One never likes to smoke in the dark." Unless, of course, one is a very small boy struggling with one's first.

A. S. T. (Rutherford).—"Marriage means one thing to a woman, another to a man." For a woman it means her keep, for a man a keeper.

H. W. V. (Hathersgate).—"I've been away for two whole months." And we never knew it! Why did you keep the good news all to yourself?

R. S. (Dulwich).—"Seaside landladies don't appear to have any lowest terms." Don't you believe it. Just upset one and hear for yourself.

BEAT (Tottenham).—"How do you pronounce the word 'Sheik'?" Some folks say "Shake" and others say Rudolf Valentino.

D. Y. (Cork).—"Do you think that kissing is as dangerous as the doctors make out?" Well, it has put an end to a good many bachelors.

NELLIE S. (London, S.W.).—"I have £500 a year and want to get married." We should think that you'd have no difficulty in husbanding your resources.

ANNIE V. (Ely).—"There is a moral here if you care to look for it." After digging, without success, through ten pages, we have decided to let the poor thing rest.

A. E. (Shoreditch).—"I am in love with a young lady of very high social standing. What am I to do?" Isn't the question rather "How to do it?" Good luck!

MOLLY R. (Beeston).—"The world isn't only made up of sensible people." So it seems.

M. S. (Tintern).—"The Wye is the most beautiful river." You've explained the Wye but not the wherefore.

J. W. E. (Tiverton).—"You know, everything's funny, if only you look for the humour in it." We did try, hard.

V. W. (Trowse).—"What's wrong with a good, strong cheese?" Nothing, if you can get a good, strong man to tackle it.

"THIRTY" (Lowth).—"I started life in a small way of business." With only a doctor and nurse as assistants probably.

S. S. (Stoke).—"Well, come, I mean to say, suppose, so to speak—" Why then, as it were, in a sense, what of it, how could you?

"FEMINIST" (Headingley).—"Women with grievances should combine and make themselves heard." At present they are all "scene."

P. G. (Grantham).—"The co-responder is a despicable person—he never acts square." How can he, when he's part of a triangle?

W. Y. (Newport, Mon.).—"If milk were less diluted, probably more would be drunk." And if whisky were, many would be—helplessly.

Mrs. T. H. (Roundhay).—"My baby is a naughty little imp of mischief, but I think he's just perfect!" Though perfect, yet imp perfect!

M. B.-N. (Cavendish Sq.).—"My heart bleeds for the poor." Unfortunately they are not cannibals, so you might try the effect of a fat cheque on them.

ANNE D. (S. Norwood).—"If a man ever stares at me in the street I call a policeman." And, we presume, the glaring evil is then removed.

"FATHER" (Edmonton).—"It is a fact that much of the milk to-day might be cleaner." That's curious, because it is usually well washed before being sold.

"STATISTICIAN" (W.C.2).—"A film record of each Government should be made showing its work and activities." It would be nearly as thrilling as a slow-motion picture of the life of a tortoise.

B. G. (Fenwick).—"I was nearly penniless until pig-breeding turned my fortune." In fact your bacon was saved, and you now live on the fat of the land?

LETTERS requiring a postal reply must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. Documents should bear sufficient postage for return. Anonymous correspondents ignored. Names and addresses of writers are essential as a guarantee of good faith.

C. P. (Manchester).—"What is your opinion of knuts?" Mostly cracked.

T. H. (Reading).—"I can read my wife like a book." Bet you can't shut her up.

G. A. (Bury).—"My daughter's coming out this season." What has she been in for?

N. O. (Rochdale).—"What happens when water becomes ice?" The price goes up.

C. K. (Portsmouth).—"I think films are all rot." But they're more cinema than sinning.

C. F. M. (Maidstone).—"Summer was made for lovers." And for umbrella manufacturers.

E. L. (Vauxhall).—"Nothing is lost by being polite." Try giving up your seat in a 'bus to a lady.

L. W. (Bradford).—"My wife has brains enough for two." Then get her to write to us next time.

M. B. (Kingston).—"What the country wants to-day is some of the old spirit." Pre-war for preference.

A. E. (Belfast).—"I've had a money-lender's circular." Write and ask him to send you a free sample.

O. S. (Seaford).—"And since then I've signed the pledge." What a lot of money your friends will save!

W. S. (Hartlepool).—"Why do so many Gaiety girls marry peers?" They're good at picking up heirs.

A. J. LYNCH (68, Tantallon Road, S.W.).—"I entered my £250 *Bullet* in Competition No. 521 in my wife's maiden name of Hodgson." Why? Surely you would have preferred to see your own name at the top of the list.

N. Y. (York).—"There was a nail in the form and my little boy tore his clothes." Another rent act!

R. T. (Wigan).—"Can you tell me a word that expresses the opposite of 'private'?" "Jug and Bottle."

D. L. (Weybridge).—"Government officials should be non-party." They should also be non-teaparty.

G. L. (Burnley).—"I'm saving up a little money every week." Then your future should be full of interest.

C. W. (Deal).—"The sight of girls displaying their ankles makes me wild." It's enough to turn anyone's head.

N. E. (Dover).—"It seems to me we're busy committing race suicides." Simply awful, these road-hogs, aren't they?

D. A. (Bedford).—"There are several reasons why skilled tradesmen are going west." Such as dying, for instance.

P. P. (Sutton).—"So I've decided to bow to the inevitable." We've given up arguing with the telephone girl, too.

S. D. (Lyme Regis).—"Is there an infallible betting system?" Yes—don't bet. On that system you can't possibly lose.

S. R. (Acton).—"A good golfer should always replace the turf." In the case of a bad one it's often quicker to returf the place.

U. R. (Plaistow).—"To save our feet the firm supply us with stools to sit on." Good! That's how they look after their hands.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Straight from the Shoulder

LADY ASTOR :—I want to know who was having the good time in the good old days. The exploiters and profiteers—just the same as to-day.

SIR ARTHUR DUCKHAM :—Between Mr. Shinwell and the gas industry the coal merchant is doomed. There's a third factor—his own rapacity.

BISHOP BURY :—The idea that Russia was ruled by a tyranny in the days of the Tsar is untrue.

That the entire world—except yourself—should have suffered from such a delusion is strange, isn't it?

SIR HENRY REW :—The State cannot compel farmers to co-operate. True: and the farmers, in consequence, have only themselves to blame.

COUNCILLOR FASHAM :—If you Continentalise the nation you can write "Ichabod" over it. Over which we content ourselves with writing "Rubbish!"

SIR JOHN SIMON, M.P. :—The Government are slamming the door against the fulfilment of pledges. This sudden tenderness for pledge redemption is touching—but we wait for deeds.

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD :—We need no more organisations for the moment. As a matter of fact we need fewer. The decay of religious thought is due to warring organisations.

MAJOR COLFOX, M.P. :—Taxation is an unpleasant necessity. Agreed: but our present taxes are neither sound nor fair. Tax the land.

WOULD YOU BE WELL?

The question may seem to be needless. Every sensible person would of course reply in the affirmative. Yet there are numberless people who require to be reminded to take care of their health! How many are there, for example, who are apt to treat lightly such an ailment as indigestion? They need to remember that numerous forms of ill-health can be traced, directly or indirectly, to defective digestion and the consequent imperfect assimilation of food. To anyone who is threatened with attacks of a dyspeptic nature this question—"Would you be well?"—should arrest attention. They will act wisely who

THEN TAKE

the necessary steps to remove the trouble. Proved by experience, there is no better medicine for digestive troubles than that popular preparation known as Beecham's Pills.

Would you be well? Would you feel well and look well? Then take

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

In boxes, labelled 1s. 3d. and 3s. 0d.

Said the Towel with a Howl—

There's no need for the scowl

And the governor's raving
At the bus'ness of shaving.

With a Gibbs Shaving Stick
He could shave clean and quick.

The cold cream that's in it.
Makes smiles in a minute.



Gibbs

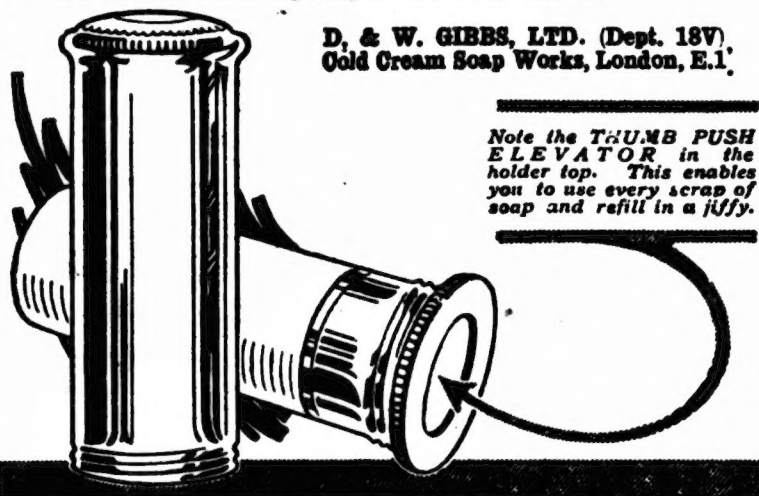
COLD CREAM

SHAVING SOAP

Shaving Stick in Nickel Holder Case 1/3
Refills for above ... 1/-

The cold cream lather of Gibbs Cold Cream Shaving Soap works up in next to no time. As rich and plentiful with cold water as with hot, a blessing on hot days! It acts as a lotion upon the face, which it leaves soothed and comforted as if newly massaged with cold cream. Gibbs Shaving Soap is British throughout.

D. & W. GIBBS, LTD. (Dept. 18V)
Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E.1.



Note the THUMB PUSH
ELEVATOR in the
holder top. This enables
you to use every scrap of
soap and refill in a jiffy.

Fresh and Delicious Cream.

What a delightful addition to fresh or stewed fruit is a generous helping of pure, rich, smooth cream. Nestlé's Cream adds to the pleasure of tarts, puddings, pies and many other dishes. The Queen of all Cream it makes all the difference in the cup of tea or coffee.

NESTLÉ'S PURE THICK CREAM

Protected indefinitely in hermetically sealed tins, and always of the same consistent purity, contains no preservatives.

Reduced to 9½d., 11½d. and 1/7½d. per tin.

YOU really must read Ashley Sterne's humorous article in this week's 'PASSING SHOW' on 'Bee-keeping For All.' Here are tips on how to avoid being stung, amazing reasons why you should never annoy wasps. This is only one of the splendid features in this week's 'PASSING SHOW.' Make a bee-line for the newsgagent's and secure your copy now—2d.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 522.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Miss A. A. CROUCH,
17, St. John Road,
Isleworth, Middlesex.

Example:—WHY SHE CRIED

Bullet:—BELOVED WOULDN'T BE LOVED.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. E. E. ADAMS, 133, Lower Ford Street, Coventry
Example:—IN LONDON NOW
Bullet:—GERMAN OPERAS—BANDS NEXT.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mrs. G. O'DONNELL, c/o Langworthy, Plymouth Co-op.
Stores, Yeovil, Devon.
Example:—YOUNG COUPLE
Bullet:—OFFEND NATURE—OR LANDLORD.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £25:

Mrs. G. BEETON, 152, Olive Avenue, Birmingham Road,
Redditch, Worcs.
Example:—IN THE COLONIES
Bullet:—"FAMILY TREES" ARE "LUMBER."

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. J. TRAVERS, 163, Pinner Road, Harrow.
Example:—WHY SHE CRIED
Bullet:—PROBABLY "DISTRESS" WITHOUT "WAR-
RANT."

10 Prizes of £3 each

J. WIRDMAN, 13, Morris Crescent, Oxford.
CHANGING HIS ARM—PREMIER OFFENDING BOTH
OPPOSITIONS.
W. RADCLIFFE, 272, Gorton Road, Reddish, Stockport
BEST BOY—EXTRAVAGANT—BEST HUSBAND
THRIFTY.
C. A. ROSE, 9, New Town, Kelvedon, Essex.
MY DINNER—MOST SENSIBLE "MIDDAY SELEC-
TION."
N. SWALLOW, 3, Wallace Terrace, Seaton Delaval,
Northumberland.
ALL SMILES—BRICKLAYER—HOUSES AREN'T IM-
PORTED.
E. HUTTON, 78, Hawthorn Road, Ashington, Northum-
berland.
AT HER FEET—SHEIK—WHILE TETHERING THEM.
C. W. STYLES, 20, Twilley Street, Wandsworth, S.W.
IN LONDON NOW—UNCURSSED TROUBLES—UN-
TROUBLED GUESTS.
F. H. SEVERN, 131, High Road, Balham, S.W.
WHAT BABY LIKES—GOLLIWOG—TILL FATHER
RETURNS.
Mrs. W. BOLTON, 55, Bastwell Road, Blackburn.
WHY SHE CRIED—"LOVE STORY" WASN'T "CON-
TINUED."
A. I. BASFORD, Blanket Hall, Witney, Oxon.
WHAT BABY LIKES—HIDING COIN, THEN CHOKING.
W. J. ASHE, 103, Rendlesham Road, Clapton.
FOR REASONS UNKNOWN—CHORUS FOLLOWS
CHARACTERS AHEAD.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each

D. P. HOBAN, Derinturn School, Carbury, Co. Kildare.
AS SHE'S PAINTED—RAIN MAKES HER "RUN."
Miss J. SMITH, "Oakfield," Fortrose, N.B.
WHY SHE CRIED—PLANTING CABBAGES—UN-
EARTHED COAGERS.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
E. A. CROOK, 66, Headingley Avenue, Leeds.
WHAT WE HEAR—AND OVERHEAR, OFTEN DIFFERS.
Miss A. THOMPSON, 19, Fairfield Terrace, Lilycroft,
Bradford.
BITING—"WEREN'T YOU BLONDE ONCE?"
J. GRAM, 64, Harley Road, London, N.W.
A SQUARE MEAL—THEN HOUSE FITS NICELY.
J. KNOWLES, 2, Albert Street, Hyde, Cheshire.
SKILLED HAND—IF IN WORKSHOP'S TEAM.
F. P. MASTERS, 9, King Edward's Grove, Teddington.
WHEN DANGER'S NEAR—ONLY TIME SOME PERSPIRE.
J. KIMM, 112, Waterbury Street, Burnley, Lancs.
SOON SETTLED—LABOUR TROUBLES, FOREMAN
ONCE.
Mrs. G. ELLIS, 301, Killinghall Road, Bradford.
AT HER FEET—EXASPERATING WHEN HANDKER-
CHIEF REMAINED.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
J. NELSON, 64, Ellison Street, Jarrow, Co. Durham.
AT A DISTANCE—EVENLY SPACED, SCHOOLBOY'S
COMMAS.

100 Prize-winners of £1:

J. ALCHIN, c/o Friskes, 30, Easter St., Duns, N.B.;
W. ANDREW, 18, St. Mildred's Rd., Ramsgate; J.
ARTHUR, 1, "D" Island Rd., Barrow-in-Furness; W.
ASTON, 1, Central Parade, East Finchley; Miss L. de
ATHAYDE, 22, Eastman Rd., Clumber, L'pool; S.
BARRY, 18, Fernville St., Sunderland; C. A. BERRY,
Netherton, Huddersfield; Mrs. Bishop, The Dairy,
Trull, nr. Taunton; G. STANDELL, B.N. College, Dart-
mouth; Mrs. A. BODDINGTON, c/o 1, Woodshires Green,
Longford, Coventry; J. A. BRAGAN, 22, Springstone
Av., Osett, Yorks; Mrs. M. BROWN, "Oakdene,"
Hillview Gdns., Hendon, N.W.; G. A. BROWN, 13,
Spilott Rd., Spilott, Cardiff; D. BUDGE, 5, Miller St.,
Wick, N.B.; C. J. BURLEIGH, 106a, North View Rd.,
Hornsey, N.; H. BUTCHER, 18, Portman Rd., Ipswich;
J. E. CALMS, 27, Church St., Govan, Glasgow; R. H.
CANLITT, Leasowe Castle Buffet, Leasowe Rd., nr.
Wallasey; J. CARMICHAEL, Junr., 141, Ferry Rd.,
Dundee; A. CHALLINOR, Breidden View, Pontesbury,
Salop; Mrs. G. CHAPMAN, Zipfels Court, Magdalen
St., Norwich; A. T. CLARK, 127, Dorchester Rd., Wey-
mouth; S. L. CRAIG, 13, West Stewart St., Greenock;
G. CURRIE, 85, Magdala Terr., Galeshead, N.B.; E. F.
CURTIS, 28, Thorold Rd., Ilford; J. CUSWORTH, 51,
Carlisle Terr., Kirksall Rd., Leeds; C. DALLISON, 21,
Glasgow St., Thornhill, Rotherham; J. A. DERBY-

(Continued in next column)

2nd Prize £100	BULLETS FIRST PRIZE £250		3rd Prize £50
4th Prize £25	10 PRIZES OF £5	100 PRIZES OF £1	5th Prize £10
200 PRIZES OF 5s		500 PRIZES OF 2s 6d	4,000 TARGET PRIZES

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" NO. 524

AFTER THE RAGE
WHAT IS A REVUE?
POOR CONSOLATION
WHY HE'S A BACHELOR
ON TRU-T
IN THE CITY
FISH OUT OF WATER
CHEAP ADVERTISEMENT
CAUGHT
BETWEEN THE SHOWERS
NOISY LOT
WHAT TOMMY SAID
MARCHING ORDERS
BETTER THAN EVER
OPEN PURSE
OUT OF HAND
COMMON GOSSIP
SHORTLY
MAN OF HIS WORD
LEFT GUESSING
HARD TO FOLLOW
HER PICTURE
NOT SAFE NOW
IN DAYLIGHT
WHAT A TIME
ON TOAST
SAILING AWAY
SOME HOPE
PERFECT SIGHT
VAIN BOAST
NEVER LEARNT
FIRST MEAL

(Continued from previous column).

shire, 60, Egerton St., Farnworth, Bolton; Cpl. G.
DODDS, 2nd Cameron Highlanders, B.A.O.R.,
Germany; G. A. ELDERIDGE, 3, Oxford Rd., Ealing;
P. ENNIS, The Bothy, Otterspool Gdns., Alburgh
Vale, L'pool; P. W. EVANS, 25b, Clarendon St.,
Leamington Spa; Mrs. FARMERY, The Moorlands,
Whitfield Adel, Leeds; J. W. FARRER, 68, Angle-
sea Rd., Woolwich, S.E.; N. FERGUSON, 23, Thom-
son Av., Johnstone, N.B.; E. FRANCIS, 2, Rowsley
Grove, Aintree, L'pool; J. A. FRANCIS, 14, Pioneer
Terr., Cwmefinfach, Newport, Mon.; J. P.
FRANKLIN, 110, Montpellier Gdns, East Ham; B. E.
GAGE, Cadars, Yatton, Bristol; Rev. R. E. GAYE,
Shayton Rectory, Swanton Abbot, Norwich; W.
GILBERT, 67, Freshold Terr., Burslem, Stoke; F.
GILBERT, 35, Ford St., Coventry; L. GOUGH,
Belvedere, Firie Rd., Peacehaven, Sussex; Mrs.
W. HALL, Longlands Cottage, Bay Horse, Lan-
caster; A. HALLIDAY, 17, Sandhurst Grove, Leeds;
T. HAMMOND, 139, Bridgewater St., Hindley, nr.
Wigan; J. W. HARBORD, 84, Wordsworth St.,
Sutton Park, L'pool; L. M. HARBORD, 88, Words-
worth St., Sutton Park, L'pool; C. A. HEARD, Junr.,
60, Upper Pant Rd., Maidstone, Kent; F.
HEWLETT, 48, Thorpe Rd., Wakefield; A. HILL, 147,
Waverley Rd., Small Heath, B'm; E. HITCHEN,
32, Sharples St., Heaton Norris, Stockport; H. W.
HODGE, 4, Park Rd., Hinchley, Leicester; H. L.
HODGE, 67, Dalton Mansions, Canonbury, N.; J. T.
HOLT, 44, Manchester Rd., Chorlton-cum-Hardy;
Mrs. A. HORNROCK, 11, Range St., Bolton; T.
HOWARTH, 19, Quarry Gap Rd., Bradford; Mrs. E.
INGISBY, 3, Gordon Villas, Bettings Rd., Harnes
Bay; Mrs. A. IRVINE, 97, Elderpark St., Govan
Glasgow; H. J. JEANS, Hound Cottage, Netley
Abbey, Hants; P. LAKE, 3, St. Nicholas Rd.,
Portsmouth, Sussex; A. LADLE, 68, Bowling Park
Drive, Bradford; E. L. LEVY, 9, Lake St., Notting-
ham; L. E. LONG, 32, Rayleigh Av., Westcliff-on-
Sea; Mrs. F. MACHIN, 33, North St., Hornchurch,
Essex; J. MATHIAS, Castle St., Omagh, Co. Tyrone;
M/c. J. MATHIAS, 26, Marlboro Hill, Wealdstone;
Mrs. E. MALLON, 26, Marlboro Hill, Wealdstone;
Mrs. MICHE, Craigleith Hospital, Edinburgh;
A. MOORE, c/o "Waterloo House," North Walsham,
Norfolk; W. MORRISON, Shore St., Drummore, nr.
(Continued on p. 30.)

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" — NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the Examples printed: then give any Two, Three, or Four Words having some bearing on the Example chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—

Example:—YOUTH Bullet:—"CAGED" Will BECOME "WILD."
Example:—THE SEQUEL Bullet:—SUCCESSFUL STRIKE—SUCCESSIVE STRIKES.
Example:—LIKE MAGIC Bullet:—BET CONJUROR'S RABBIT DOESN'T.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

Address coupons to "Bullets" No. 524, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 5.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(524) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 5.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(524) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 5.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(524) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 5.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(524) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 525.
AFTER SEEING WEMBLEY—IF I WERE RAMSAY—MAN THAT MATTERS—WHERE THE MONEY GOES—
NOT OUT—MORE THAN WELCOME—A STRANGER—WHAT HE THOUGHT—WHAT IS AN OPTIMIST?—
SEEDS OF DISCONTENT—UNRELIABLE—"PLEASED TO MEET YOU"—FIRST REFUSAL—WORTH HAVING
—WHAT HER MOTHER SAID—MY FUTURE—ON THE BRIDGE—SMART WORK—WHY BABY HOWLED
—ALL THE WORLD OVER.

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, JUNE 12. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 525 in the top left hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 525, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. 524.

Next Week's
SPLENDID OFFER 45 BIG HOLIDAY PRIZES!



Dirt and dust
And often rust
Are the housewife's bane,
But Monkey Brand
Is simply grand
For brightening things again

The reason why Monkey Brand is the most economical of all household cleaners is because it is concentrated in solid cake form.

MONKEY BRAND

WON'T WASH CLOTHES

BENJAMIN BROOKE & CO. LTD.

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